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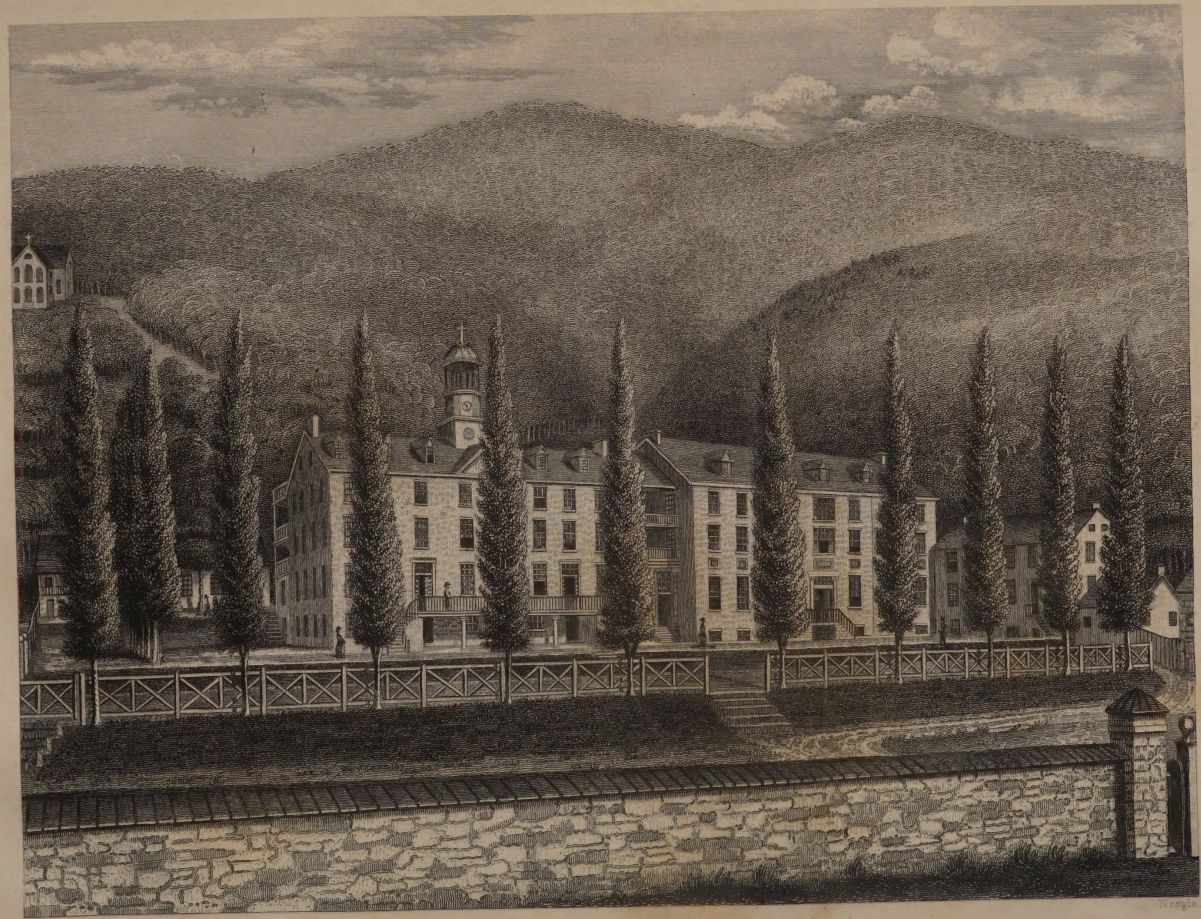

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THE

UNITED STATES CATHOLIC MAGAZINE AND MONTHLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1846.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

"Du Pretre, de la Femme, de la Famille."

Spiritual Direction, and Auricular Confession; *their History, Theory, and Consequences: being a translation of "Du Prêtre, de la Femme, de la Famille."* By M. Michelet, Assistant Professor in the Faculty of Letters, &c. Philadelphia: James M. Campbell. 1845. Pp. 224, 12mo.

ONE of the strongest and most striking evidences of Catholicity is found in the fact that its enemies can not attack it with any plausibility or semblance of success, without grievously misrepresenting its doctrines, and appealing against it to the worst passions of the human bosom. The Catholic religion always maintains her lofty position, as the handmaid of heaven, and the divinely constituted witness of the truth; she flatters not the passions of men in order to win their homage; she would not compromise one particle of the truth committed to her in deposit, though by the sacrifice she should gain the whole world; she is prepared to fulfil her high mission, for the glory of God and the salvation of men, though she should, in the discharge thereof, be nailed to the cross with her divine Founder and Spouse. She changes not, though all the world is changing around her. Her institutions may displease the world, and become unfashionable; still she fondly clings to them; she will not suffer one of them to be impaired or destroyed: her mission is not to *please* men, but to *save* men. She will not "stoop to conquer," will not descend into the arena of the world, will not wield the weapons of carnal warfare, will not enter into alliance with flesh and blood. She will not stain the laurels of victory won during eighteen centuries of glorious strife with the world, the flesh, and the devil, by any such unhallowed means: and hence it is that the world hates her. It hated her divine Founder before her, and for the self-same reason.

She will not, because she can not, change; and her adversaries cry out that she is not adapted to the spirit of the age,

which is eminently a spirit of progress and of change in every thing, from machinery to philosophy and religion. She proclaims to the world, as the revelation of God, many doctrines unfathomable to reason and humbling to human pride; and the world cries out, absurdity and nonsense! She enforces the divine obligation of many things painful to human nature; and men cry out that she is the enslaver of the world, and that her principles are incompatible with human liberty. Still she heeds not all their clamor, but firmly, yet mildly, pursues her divine pilgrimage of mercy and charity, without turning either to the right or to the left.

It has ever been so. The tactics of the evil one in his assaults against the truth have not varied in the lapse of long centuries. From the time that he dared tempt Jesus Christ himself in the wilderness down to the very latest campaign he has made against the church of Jesus, the spirit of his warfare, as well as its chief appliances, has not changed. He tempted Christ by an impious and most unblushing appeal to the human passions of sense, of avarice, and of pride; and he tempts the disciples of Christ by the same appeal. To the disciples, as to the Master, he says: "All these things will I give you, if, falling down, you will adore me;" but the disciples answer, as did the Master, "Begone, Satan; for it is written, the Lord thy God thou shalt adore, and him only shalt thou serve."*

We might easily illustrate all this by a reference to the different phases of the warfare against Catholicity in ages past. We might prove that, how different soever were the favorite modes of attack at different periods, they all nevertheless possessed this trait in common: they appealed to passion against truth. The old heretics did it; the modern dissenters still do it. The ancient heretics succeeded partially and for a time; they seduced many from the truth by their maddening appeal to a corrupt nature; but they finally disappeared from the arena together with their victims; and the truth still stood forth triumphant, waving its unsullied banner of victory over a conquered world. The modern innovators have but renewed the same scenes of unhallowed warfare; of apparent victory, and final but certain and overwhelming defeat. It has ever been so; it must ever be so. He who could not deceive had said that the world should hate his disciples, but that "the gates of hell SHOULD NOT PREVAIL AGAINST HIS CHURCH BUILT UPON A ROCK."

At the dawn of the reformation, Luther appealed to the political feelings and prejudices of the Germans against the primacy of the pope. He stirred up the slumbering embers of old feuds between the popes and the emperors, blew on them with the warm breath of his indignant invective, and enkindled a fire in the bosom of Germany which threatened to destroy the venerable edifice of Catholicity. He cried out at the top of his stentorian lungs that the Germans had been groaning for centuries in the bondage of a worse than Babylonian captivity, and that the day of their emancipation was at hand. Those whom he could not lure to his standard by the impassioned cry of LIBERTY, he wooed by the softer, but yet more insinuating, appeals which he made to their avarice or to their sensuality. To the princes he offered as a bait the plunder of the immense church property accumulated during ages of faith and piety; to bishops, priests, and monks he offered the additional inducements of a handsome wife and a comfortable establishment; to all he offered freedom from many painful restraints on the passions imposed by the ancient religion. Fasting, daily prayer, singing or reciting the divine office, celibacy, penance and mortification, were to be done away with; and Christians were henceforth to get to heaven by treading the primrose path of dalliance with human nature, with the light of only one single principle—that of faith *alone*—beaming upon them for their guidance.

*St. Matthew iv, 9, 10.

The painful restraint of church authority was to be discarded, and each one was to live as he listed, with his Bible for his guide, and his own private judgment as the only key to its meaning. With the employment of such means, no wonder that he gained proselytes; but the whole scheme was manifestly a down-hill reformation.

The very same system of tactics was adopted at Geneva, in northern Europe, in Switzerland, in France, and in England; and with precisely the same results. Every where the same maddening appeal was made to the worst passions of the multitude; every where people were lured to the standard of revolt against the church by carnal arguments eloquently stimulating flesh and blood to war against the pope. All this is strikingly true of England. The bluff old tyrant, Henry VIII, broke with the pope that he might secure a young wife in lieu of a most virtuous one, stricken in years, of whom he had grown tired; he brought his people over to his cause by a series of acts of high-handed tyranny which would have disgraced a Nero, and by a course of sacrilegious spoliation of altars and churches which would have disgraced Antiochus and Nebuchadonosor. But the master stroke of his policy, and of that of his successors, was the adroit and persevering appeal constantly made to the passions of the multitude. Open English history for the last three hundred years, and you will read evidences of this truth on every one of its sullied pages.

The self same spirit pervades that phase of the warfare against Catholicity which consists in holding up its dogmas to execration as absurd and opposed to human reason, and its worship as a senseless mummery. The mystery of the adorable eucharist can not be comprehended, therefore it is absurd; the sacrifice of the mass based thereon can not be comprehended, therefore it is absurd and idolatrous; the ceremonies of Catholic worship can not be comprehended or appreciated, therefore they are downright mummery! With what other weapons does the Unitarian attack the mysteries of the incarnation, the atonement, and the trinity? and with what other does the deist attack all mysteries and all supernatural revelation? Do not the opponents of Catholicity, like the opponents of Christianity, stand forth self-convicted of "blaspheming whatsoever things they know not?"* Are they not convicted, by their mad course of opposition to Catholicity, of an implied consent to the destruction of Christianity itself? Do they not, like the infidels, "despise dominion, and blaspheme majesty?"† Let them look to it, and to the awful denunciation pronounced by the inspired Jude against those who do these things.

But by far the most vile mode of attack ever adopted by the enemies of Catholicity consists in an unblushing appeal to that low animal passion unfortunately inherent in our nature, which leads to crimes that St. Paul would not have to be even so much as named among Christians. This may be pronounced the latest, it is certainly the most disgraceful, phase in the warfare against Rome. Reverend "no-popery" champions, boasted ministers of the God of holiness and purity, make no scruple whatever of treating with the most disgusting detail, both in the pulpit and through the press, certain matters which a pure minded Christian should blush even to think about. Such reverend ministers as the Sparries, the Brownlees, and the Breckenridges, think nothing of giving circulation to obscene matter which would cover with disgrace the most ordinary citizen, who lays no claim to any peculiar sanctity, but simply stands forth clad in the panoply of an honest and a *decent* man! They even sometimes go so far in their mad zeal against Rome as to desecrate the temple of God itself with obscenity, by preaching therein sermons not fit for ears polite, and with doors accordingly closed against *the ladies!* What is not fit for ladies' ears, is fit for preachers of the gospel, and quite good enough for

* St. Jude v. 10. † Ib. v. 8.

the temple of the living God! How blind is bigotry! how odious and detestable is hypocrisy! Can we wonder that our beloved country is so much overspread with immorality and infidelity, when such men as these pass as the accredited ministers of God's word, and the organs and leaders of his people? When they continue to do their dirty work without scarcely a rebuke from the representatives of popular sentiment? The inspired apostle draws a graphic portrait of such men when he characterizes them as "raging waves of the sea, *foaming out their own confusion,* wandering stars; to whom the storm of darkness is reserved for ever:" and, when he points the withering finger of denunciation at them, and says, "these are they WHO SEPARATE THEMSELVES, *sensual men, having not the spirit.*"*

Nothing can be too bad for these men, provided it be only directed against the Catholic church. Their morbid appetite for scandal rejects no food, no matter how loathsome. The most obscene narrative of the most obscene and abandoned wretch, like Maria Monk, or of the most drivelling apostate, like Smith, Hogan, Giustiniani, and Ciocci, is precisely what most pleases their palate. They stop not to inquire what is the character of the writer or narrator, or what are his or her claims to be received as an accredited witness; provided the story militate against the pope and the Catholic religion, it is enough. The book is published and circulated with zeal; it is bought up and read with avidity by a certain class of the people stricken with the "no-popery" *mania;* and it has already done its deadly work before its refutation can be made public. The refutation, did we say? The refutation can not generally be made *public;* that is, it can not reach those who have been infected with the poison; the preachers and their agents will see to that; they are so fond of not keeping their people in ignorance, that they and their organs seldom, if ever, publish the refutation, how triumphant soever it may be. Their people are thus allowed to read only on one side; poisonous error and calumny have already sped with the velocity of lightning to the remotest ends of the union on the wings of an untiring press; and when the truth comes "slowly limping after it," those ministers of *truth* (!) take special care to check or prevent its progress! How many, think you, of those hundreds of thousands who swallowed with avidity the poison of Maria Monk's obscene impostures—*known by all* to be impostures—were allowed to receive the antidote? How many, think you, of the Protestant *religious* press published a contradiction of that wicked book? And what vast multitudes are there not even now of the ignorant haters of the pope—of devout old ladies of both sexes—who still devoutly believe every syllable written in that infamous book? Of course, these people are never *priest-ridden!*

We speak advisedly, and we know what we say. Is it not a burning shame that such things should be done in a Christian land, in the light of the nineteenth century, and by Christian ministers? And, when this course is still persisted in, in spite of all our just denunciation of its unchristian spirit and glaring injustice; when, as fast as one book of obscene horrors can be disposed of, the teeming press is in labor with another; when many heads start into existence in place of the one which we have stricken off from this hydra of an impure bigotry; and when even reverend preachers are the active instruments in causing all this mischief, and in pouring over this virgin hemisphere all this foul torrent of impurity, could we, we ask, have employed softer language in rebuking a spirit so unclean? We know that in doing so we have with us the most enlightened and pure-minded of the Protestant community itself; and we feel convinced that this disgraceful method of warfare has already recoiled, and will still recoil, with terrible effect, on the heads of those same mountebanks who are now

* St. Jude, vv. 13, 19.

the active leaders of the crusade against Catholicity in this country. The American people will not consent to be for ever gulled; there is a point beyond which their forbearance will not go. The reaction must come, and the retribution it will bring with it will be a fearful one for those who now seem to bask in popular favor.

We have been led into this train of reflection by perusing the work of Michelet, the title of which is placed at the head of our paper. A more thoroughly wicked or a worse publication we have never chanced to read; and we verily believe that if Satan himself could appear upon earth, clad in bodily form, armed with the appliances of pen, ink, and paper, he could not have written a worse book, though he certainly would have written one marked with much more ability, blended with at least equal hatred of Rome and Catholicity. He would not have blundered nor ranted so much, but he would have written a more logical and a more effective work; and our word for it, the reverend leaders of the anticatholic crusade in this country would have republished it, duly translated into English, after such a fashion, too, as to make it lose nothing of its malignity by the translation! When they are ready to fraternize with such unblushing infidels as Michelet, is it too much to believe that they would extend the right hand of fellowship to the evil one himself were he visibly to step forth as a knighted "no-popery" champion? We think not, and we believe that our readers will agree with us when we shall have told them who this Michelet is, and what is the character of his book.

Who, then, is Michelet? He is a French transcendentalist, a pantheist, and a downright infidel; a man who is even at no pains to conceal his infidelity. He is a disciple of Voltaire and Rousseau; with the bitterly scoffing spirit of both, but without the talent of either. He has somewhat of the impetuosity, the incoherency, and the extravagance of Rousseau; but he has little of his impetuous eloquence: he has not a particle of the genius or of the polished and effective satire of that incarnation of demonism—Voltaire. He hates religion with a satanical hatred; his hatred is blind, mad; but there is little method in his madness. He strikes about him with the malignity of a serpent, but also with its blindness. When he writes against the Catholic religion, he means to write against Christianity; when he pours out his venom against *priests*, he means the priests of all religion.

He writes against priests just as Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and Tom Paine wrote against them. And when his translator coolly undertakes to tell us that he meant only "French priests,"* and that he attacked only the Catholic religion as taught and practised in France, he takes a very narrow and most erroneous view of the scope contemplated by his author. He falls into about the same delusion into which some very cordial haters of the papacy fell, a few years ago, in the west. The incident we allude to is amusing and characteristic. Some years ago a paper was announced as about to be published in New York under the captious title, "Priestcraft Unmasked." A number of elders of the Presbyterian church and other Protestants of our acquaintance, thinking from its title that it would be a first rate "no-popery" paper, subscribed for it with avidity, and paid their subscription in advance. But what was their surprise and chagrin on finding that the paper proved to be a downright infidel concern, gotten up in the true Tom Paine style, and intended chiefly to unmask Presbyterian "priestcraft!" They found out their error when it was too late to remedy it; and their acquaintances laughed heartily at their expense.

We know not who the translator is, nor do we much care; though he should not have been ashamed to append his name, that the world might know to whom we are indebted for the appearance amongst

*In his preface, which is a curious specimen of disingenuous special pleading.

us of this charming work in an English dress. He does not, at any rate, appear to have been much conversant with the French, and he was often sadly puzzled to get at the meaning of his author, as we may have occasion to show in the sequel. But whoever he may be, if he be a Christian at all, he should blush to have aided in palming such a work on a Christian community. He must have known and *felt* that Michelet was an infidel, whose work could do nothing but harm in a Christian community. That he had, at least, some misgivings on the subject, appears from his preface, in which he is compelled to give us what we take to be an apology for the French infidels.

"The book," he says, "written by a Frenchman, for Frenchmen, in language and thought is most thoroughly and remarkably *French.* The reader may be startled at the freedom with which the author approaches subjects and themes which we are accustomed to speak of only with the deepest reverence. We do not doubt *his* reverence; but the strange forms of expression which he uses to express equally strange turns of thought, sometimes grate more than a little harshly on our ears. The reader is to bear the history of the book in mind at all times, and nearly upon every page."

A little farther on, speaking of the French infidels, he thus shows his sympathy for them:

"Their minds revolted at the character of priestly traditions, the empty quibbles with which priests smothered the truth, the sophistry with which they belied it, and the carnal affections which led to their materialism. In a word, *the brilliant French infidels (!) could not be idolaters.* In discarding what was manifestly monstrous, they threw all away; *and even this was not done entirely of their own impulse.* They retreated but a little way at first; *they were driven to extremes by anathemas.* . . . . . If we see, then, an *occasional indifference to Christianity* in Michelet, we know to what to impute it,"* &c.

* Preface, pp. 5, 6. In his History of France, b. i, ch. 3, and b. iv, ch. 4, Michelet makes a hero of Pelagius, the heresiarch of the fifth century, and what, think you, is the chief title of Pelagius to our author's praise? Hear him: "Pelagius, by denying original sin, RENDERED REDEMPTION USELESS, and ANNULLED CHRISTIANITY!"

Who is Michelet? A man who is for ever prating about the dignity of human nature, yet understands not in what the true dignity of human nature consists; a man who would fain persuade others that our nature is sound and amply competent of itself for its own guidance, and yet, when it suits his purpose, paints man as a beast and woman as a demon! His theory would seem to be, that without religion man and woman can live uprightly and properly, and become the ornament and support of the family and of society; but that with religion the very fountains of their otherwise stainless nature are polluted, and they become pestilent members of the social circle and totally unfit to sustain the family relation! With all his cant about the elevation and progress of man, he really places a lower estimate upon the nature of man and of woman than the disciple of Mohammed himself. It will not do to say that he confines his view to *French men* and *French women,* as the translator would seek to persuade his readers;* he speaks of man and of woman in general. It might have been, perhaps, a better explanation of his theory in regard to human nature, to have said that he judged of others by himself. What are we to think, for instance, of his portrait of woman in the following passage?

"Woman, the part of the world eminently worldly, surrenders her family and her fire-side—her most precious possessions. Eve still betrays Adam; the woman betrays man, her husband, her son! Thus each sells her deity. Rome sells Christianity, woman her domestic religion.

"The feeble souls of women, *incurably spoiled* by the great corruption of the sixteenth century (!), *full of passions and of fear, and of bad desires crossed by remorse,* eagerly seized this means of sinning with a quiet conscience, and of expiation without amendment, amelioration, or return towards God. They were happy to receive at the confessional a political order, or the direction of an intrigue as works of penance. They carried into this singular mode of expiation *the same guilty passions*

* Preface.

which they were laboring to expiate, and to atone for remaining in sin, were often guilty of crime. The female mind, inconstant in all things else, was in this sustained by the manly firmness of the mysterious hand concealed behind her."*

He seems to be fully impressed with the thoroughly Mohammedan notion, that man and woman can not be brought together, even in the holiest relation, whether of society or of religion, without being carried away by wicked desire! His principal reasoning—if reasoning it may be called—against the confessional is based upon this corrupt view. It pervades his entire work, and upon almost every page manifests itself in passages which it may suit the purposes of our reverend slanderers to reproduce, and to spread out before the community for the perusal of the young and innocent, but which are much too glowing and gross for our pages. Upon those whose minds and hearts are already thoroughly rotten, like his own, such impassioned tirades may produce a strong and dangerous impression; the pure-minded will turn from their perusal with disgust unutterable. What loathing is not produced in the soul by reading the following passage, in which he illustrates the "excitement" awakened in the confessional by the following flattering allusion to religious meetings in our own country!

"And why should not this excitement happen in such an interview? *It is enough for persons of different sexes to pray together in the same room to induce intoxication and burn the brain.* This happens in the assemblies of excited Protestants in the United States and elsewhere. Read the witty and judicious trifle of Swift's 'Fragment on the Mechanical Operations of the Spirit,' especially towards the close of it."*

And yet this man, forsooth, meant to speak only of *French* women, of *French* priests, and of the Catholic religion in France! Similar in spirit is the following passage, which still farther illustrates his theory of human nature:

"The confessor of a young woman can boldly define himself to be envious of the husband, and his secret enemy. *If there is one who is an exception to this* (and I wish I could believe it), *he is a hero, a saint, a martyr, a man above a man!!*" †

The following elegant extract proves that what we said above concerning the low estimate he places on woman is not at all exaggerated:

"There is a great difference between the hardness of a man and the cruelty of a woman. What is, in your opinion, the most faithful incarnation of the devil in this world? This inquisitor, or that Jesuit? No; it is a female Jesuit; a great lady converted, who believes herself born to rule; who, among this flock of trembling females (in a convent), assumes the part of a Bonaparte, and who, more absolute than the most absolute tyrants, uses the fury of illy conquered passions in tormenting the unfortunate, defenceless ones. Far from being opposed here to the confessor, my wishes are for him. Priest, monk, Jesuit, behold me on his side. I pray him to interfere, if he can. He is still in this hell (of the convent) into which the law does not penetrate; the only person who can say a word in the cause of humanity . . . . . I know very well that this interference will create the strongest, the most dangerous attachment. The heart of the poor creature is given in advance to him who will defend her."‡

We humbly suggest that the world has witnessed far "more faithful incarnations of the devil" than the "female Jesuit" of Michelet. The French revolution, brought about and consummated in blood by precisely such men as Michelet, startled the

* Pp. 41-2. In another passage Michelet pretty clearly advocates the execrable doctrine of universal concubinage!! He advocates it on the ground that matrimony imposes a slavish restraint on the freedom of love! He does not, indeed, come out openly, but his principles seem to lead this way. He says that the only generous and proper love is "to love *in liberty, free to love or not.*" (P. 200.) He adds that the lover should furnish the beloved with "arms even against himself. This is love, and this is faith. It is the belief that, *sooner or later*, the EMANCIPATED being must return to the most worthy." (P. 201.) That is, according to this beautiful theory, love should be wholly untrammelled, and should be bestowed, and will be bestowed, whenever the unfortunate victim of it shall be *emancipated*, on the most worthy; that is, according to Michelet, "on him who would be *freely loved!*" (Ibid.) Have not the preachers consulted well for the morality of the country when they gave circulation to his infamous book?

* P. 137, *note.* † P. 141. ‡ P. 159.

world with a hideous array of many much "more faithful incarnations." Danton, Marat, Robespierre, Barere, Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and many more such worthies might well claim relationship, if not consanguinity, with the foul fiend himself. And if Michelet, and his worthy compeers, Quinet, Sue, and others of the same stamp, have not already proved their claims to the same high honor; if they have not yet made *la belle France* run again with blood, and stand paralyzed again with horror, it is surely not from any want of the will to do so. The fearful lessons of the French revolution are wholly lost on such men; they would recklessly remove the only barrier to such another awful catastrophe—of fierce human passions rioting in blood and terror; and they seem prepared to look the consequences that may ensue calmly in the face! Alas for human nature, when unchecked by the influence of a heavenly religion!

Again we ask who is Michelet, that he should be entitled to credit on religious subjects? He is not only a Pantheist, or outright deist, but he is also an obscure and grandiloquent transcendentalist; a man who often involves his meaning in such obscurity as to be wholly unintelligible, in or out of France; a man who walks shrouded in mystery, and who retreats, when pressed, from the clear light of truth behind a cloud of unmeaning words. Out of many illustrations of this, we select, almost at random, the following precious passage, which the reader may understand if he can. The author is speaking of the spiritual death induced in the soul according to the teaching of Molinos and the Quietists.

"Poor, naked, ugly, and dirty, she loses the taste for every thing—the understanding, the memory, the will. At last, beyond the loss of the will, she loses a *something indescribable*, 'which is her favorite,' and which would take the place of ALL, (the idea that she is a child of God.) This is properly the death to which she must arrive. No person, neither director nor any one else, can offer solace here. She must die; she must be put into the earth, that the crowd may walk above her, that she may grow putrid, rot, and suffer the odor and fetor of a corpse, until, the rottenness becoming dust and ashes, there scarcely subsists any thing which can recall the fact that the soul ever existed."*

If this is not all sheer nonsense, we really know not what is. The translator, who appears to be a bold man and not easily discouraged, is himself sorely puzzled to understand the meaning of that wonderful ALL. He says in a note:

"Very much like nonsense; and if the reader does not understand it in English, he may be very sure that there are abundance of people who do not comprehend it in the original."

Rare consolation this, truly! By the way, we have a word to say to this same translator, who, we suppose, is a reverend preacher. We are probably indebted to him for the beautiful fancy titles that head each page of the book, titles which are vastly tasty, pointed, and appropriate, and which afford a sort of key to the author's meaning where it is vague and obscure, supplying the reader with many valuable hints and ideas which he would scarcely have derived from the mere perusal of the book itself. The trickery is transparent; and if Michelet was bad enough in the original, we may be assured that he has lost nothing of his malignity in his English dress. If the author blundered much, it may, perhaps, be some consolation to him to learn that his translator has blundered still more. He translates the French word *monde, the world*, instead of *the people*, thus: "It was placed in the sacristy of the monastery, where, at nine in the evening, *the world having retired*,"* &c. Whither, we would ask, did the world go when it "retired" from the monastery? Again, he speaks of "elevating a tottering Babel *two stages*," whereas we suppose that Michelet only said *two stories!*† The city of Meaux, Bossuet's well known episcopal see, he very wittily translates "*the Meaux*" in several places.‡ Finally, are we indebted to him or to his author

*P. 32. †P. 61. ‡P. 83, &c.

for the following exquisite—shall we call it *French bull:* "several of these *ladies* are eminent business *men!*"§

But Michelet is not only an obscure transcendentalist and a clumsy blunderer; he is not only a vulgar infidel and a base reviler of woman; but he likewise is a downright falsifier of the plainest facts. His work is made up of transparent sophistry, animated by a heartless malignity, and founded upon glaring perversion of the truth on almost every page. We can not furnish even a catalogue of his falsehoods; they would fill a volume. We must confine ourselves to a few as specimens. Here are two sweeping untruths in one consecutive passage:

"Rome surrendered Christianity—in the principle which lies at the foundation of it—*salvation by Christ.* Placed in the position to choose between that doctrine and its opposite, she had not the courage to decide. (How then *did* she *decide* to make the *surrender* referred to?) After Christianity, the Jesuits *surrendered morality,*"* &c.

Is not morality a part of Christianity? If so, it does not appear what Rome had left to the Jesuits to *surrender.* So absurd and so self-contradictory is error; and yet this nonsense passes current for sound philosophy and acute reasoning!

In another place, Michelet utters the following falsehood, which every one at all conversant with such matters knows to be a falsehood.

"First, through the controversial works of the Jesuit Bellarmine, they (the Jesuits) stated and defended the dogma of the infallibility of the pope *as a matter of faith.*"†

His self-contradictions and open absurdities are, perhaps, more numerous than even his falsehoods. They run through his entire book, which is, in fact, little more than a mere tissue of them. Thus, he reasons throughout on the assumption that priests, being celibitaries, are much more exposed to temptation than other men; yet, when he comes to paint the celibitary in all the horror of his condition, he represents him as a man who leads "a dry and mutilated life," who has the fountains of his natural sympathies dried up, and who has a heart withered, hard, and unsusceptible. And how does he escape from the manifest self-contradiction? By the pitiful evasion that "the *heart* may be dry and *sense* very eager!"*

Again, we ask, who is Michelet? He is a man of a heated brain, who palms off on the world his own disordered fancies and foul suspicions as sound *reasoning* against celibacy and the confessional; a mere incoherent declaimer, who thinks that other people are as bad as himself, and who paints the priests as wicked men merely because he hates them with a fiendish hatred; a man who defiles every thing that he touches, and wilfully and wickedly perverts the meaning of the clearest things; a man, in fine, who will convince those who are already convinced, and will hurt those who wish to be hurt. But does he not quote authorities, does he not reason on them? Certainly. Satan himself was an adept at quoting authorities, as well as a subtle reasoner; yet Satan is the "father of lies." Michelet quotes different authors, but does he furnish chapter and verse? He quotes authors, but what authors? Writers of both sexes who were renegades, apostates, or infidels, and as little reliable as himself. He refers, with commendation, to Sue's Wandering Jew, the truth of which he confirms:† he quotes Llorente, the apostate priest and the traitor, for one of the foulest and most infamous aspersions on Catholic morality that we have ever read.‡ *He* quotes authorities, forsooth! He takes the easy method of quoting whole books at a time, and of quoting them sometimes from memory alone! And yet he is a historian and a reasoner!

Such a reasoner would have been likely to reach erroneous conclusions even had he started out with correct premises; but the premises of Michelet are, in general,

* P. 156. † P. 41. ‡ P. 61. The italics are his.

* P. 216, *note.* Appendix.
† P. 156, *note.* ‡ Pp. 178-9, *note.*

wholly false and untenable, as little to be relied on as his facts and authorities. The burden of his reasoning against the moral tendency of the confessional consists in the wholly groundless assumption that, even at the present day, the principles of Quietism are those by which the confessor is regulated. And how does he defend this palpable falsehood? He defends it by showing that the Spanish monk Molinos, and a few other obscure casuists taught this dangerous and impure doctrine.* But does he not himself admit that Molinos and his principles were publicly and solemnly condemned by the Catholic church?† Does he not admit that he was condemned for the very reasons that he himself assigns against his doctrine? Does he not admit that this doctrine has been dead and buried for centuries? That so soon as its impure tendency was discovered it was rejected with horror and loathing by the church? Yes, he well knows all this; and yet he would hold the church and the confessional responsible for the principles of Molinos, some of the most disgusting of which he parades in his book and gloats over with manifest delight? How blind is malignity! And yet, gentle reader, this impure wretch, whose whole book teems with foul obscenity, treats his readers to the following curious specimen of hypocritical prudery in his preface.

"The work presented a grave difficulty, that of speaking with decency on a subject which our adversaries have treated with incredible grossness. 'To the pure all things are pure;' I know the maxim, but I have often preferred to let my opponents escape, when I had them in my power, rather than follow them into the marsh and mire!!"‡

Risum teneatis? The man who indited this passage would fain persuade his readers that the greatest and best men of the Catholic church during the last three centuries were little better than wicked and impure hypocrites, whose whole lives were given up to libertinism, and whose whole study was to cloak it over with ingenious expedients and sophistry, that deceived every one but the acute and *pure-minded* M. Michelet; that the holy friendship of St. Francis de Sales and St. Francis de Chantal was nothing but a well sustained amour; that Fenelon's spiritual direction of Madam de Guyon and Madam de Maisonfort, and Bossuet's advices to Madam Cornuan, were both prompted and guided by the same impure motive; and that this feature is apparent from the published correspondence of all those eminent and saintly personages!! This foul-mouthed slander of men whose names will be radiant with brightness and glory for centuries after his own shall have been forgotten or remembered only with execration, runs through many long chapters of his book! He picks up a sentence here, and another there; he poisons their meaning by causing the words to pass through the alembic of his own impure mind; he strings them together to suit the theory devised by his own foul suspicions; and he thus succeeds in extracting impurity out of things the most pure, darkness out of light! Like a serpent crawling through a beautiful flower garden, and infecting the fragrant atmosphere with its pestilent breath, he succeeds in extracting nothing but poison from the sweetest and loveliest flowers. He leaves the slime of his poisonous fangs on every thing he has touched, while his hissing excites no other feelings than those of disgust unutterable. He has not even the fascination of the serpent about him; there is "no speculation" in his dull, glaring, lustreless eye. Every one feels that the foul creature should be cast out, and be permitted to crawl only among kindred reptiles.

Such precisely was the feeling lately awakened in the French chambers, when the very book we are now examining was made a matter of complaint by certain members, who expressed their astonishment in the face of all France, that a

* The distinctive and worst feature in Quietism was the assertion that the soul might attain to so great a degree of quietude in God as to be incapable of sin, no matter what was done in the body.

†P. 105. ‡P. xiii.

public professor in the *College de France* should be allowed to depart from his appropriate sphere, and to prostitute his professorship to purposes so utterly vile.* A member friendly to Michelet was appointed to examine and report on the merits of the book, especially in reference to the professorship held by the author; and he reported that, having perused the work with attention, notwithstanding the unspeakable disgust which every page of it awakened in his bosom, he was of opinion that its author merited an indignant rebuke. There was no opposition in the chambers; the same feeling of loathing seemed to pervade all minds; and even the most unblushing infidel of them all dared not even offer an apology for the author.†

Such, then, is Michelet: the transcendentalist, the pantheist, the deist, the falsifier of the clearest facts, the open perverter of history, the foul slanderer of the great and good, the hot-headed, incoherent, raving hater of the priesthood, of Catholicity, of Christianity; the man who would, if he dared, avow the sentiment attributed to Diderot, a wish that "the last of kings should be strangled with the bowels of the last of priests;" and who would, if he had the power, re-enact in France the bloody horrors of the French revolution. And yet this man's pestilent book is reproduced in this country by reverend preachers of the gospel of peace, charity, and truth, and commended by them to the perusal of the public! It is republished as a capital work against the errors of "popery," and as one likely to produce a powerful impression! It is well for these men to charge the Catholic church with teaching and acting on the maxim: "The end justifies the means!" They will truly have an awful account to give at the bar of God! Let them look to it in time.

Is it not a great honor to the Catholic church that her holy institutions can be attacked only by such men and by such means as these? If Catholicity could be attacked by fair means, why resort to the foul ones? If the confessional be so foul and immoral in its tendency, why can not this be shown without resorting to base slander and transparent falsehood? If the Catholic priesthood be so very wicked, why not prove it by other evidence than low and unworthy suspicion? Are the Protestant clergy, even in this country, so very immaculate themselves that they can afford to throw stones at their neighbors? Is there no beam in their own eyes that they should be so very solicitous about extracting the mote from those of their brethren? Let them take heed to themselves before the great day of account, when "the hidden things of darkness shall be made manifest, and the counsels of hearts shall be revealed."

If the confessional be so very immoral and impure, why was not the discovery made centuries ago? How has this institution been sustained for so many ages? How did it happen that the whole Christian world for the first fifteen centuries revered it as an institution of God, and resorted to it as a divinely appointed means of obtaining the remission of sins through an application of the blood of Christ? How has it happened that both sexes and all classes, that men, women, and children, that popes, bishops, priests, and laymen, that emperors and empresses, kings and queens, princes and princesses, have so long, so perseveringly, and so universally practised according to this faith? How has it happened that husbands and fathers have been so long slumbering when their nearest and dearest interests were assailed, when the very fountains of their domestic bliss were poisoned? How has it happened that they not only looked calmly on while their most warmly cherished af-

* Michelet and Quinet, two professors in the College de France, both of whom had glaringly perverted their respective professorships of history and the literature of southern Europe, into envenomed assaults on Christianity, were lately compelled by the French government to confine themselves to their appropriate spheres of instruction.

† We have derived these facts chiefly from a distinguished individual who was in Paris at the time.

fections and hopes were thus blighted, but also aided by their counsel and example in the continuance of the horrible violation?

And is it come to this, that, in the nineteenth century, in the boasted age of enlightenment and gallantry to the sex, men should be found wearing the garb of ministers of God who give utterance to the implied aspersion, that during the first fifteen hundred years *all* the females, and during the last three centuries *two thirds* of the females of Christendom, were and are immoral and corrupt? That this corruption has pervaded all classes from the princess to the peasant girl, and that the only means to guard against it is to abolish confession altogether?

Gracious God! upon what times have we fallen! When what is self-styled pure and evangelical religion can be sustained only by such foul imputations on the great body of Christians; when the country is inundated with filth in order to create and keep up this impression; when reverend preachers lend their name and influence to such pollution; can we wonder at the wide-spread infidelity and corruption of morals in the rising generation? Can we wonder that, from the official statement of the American Almanac for 1844, *more than half of our adult population over twenty-one years of age belongs to no religion whatever?* If Christianity in its oldest form, and as taught and practised by two-thirds of the Christian world even at the present enlightened day, in nations too the most polished and civilized, has produced and still produces such fruits, can we wonder that men turn from it with disgust, and throw themselves into the swelling ranks of infidelity? Can we be surprised at this result, when the works of such infidels as Michelet are circulated "by authority" among our population as excellent and highly useful productions?

Tell us not that the corrupting influences of the confessional have been conclusively established by published extracts from our own accredited theologians, Dens, Liguori, and others; that such "no-popery" champions as Sparry, the drivelling apostate Smith, and many more of the same stamp, have flooded our land with such publications, teeming with obscenity *said* to be translated from our own authors; and that Sparry, for acting as travelling pedler of such books, was arrested by the civil authorities in Pennsylvania. Our enemies are heartily welcome to all the laurels they have won in this campaign. They proved their own grovelling impurity of mind and heart; hey did not, because they could not, sully the lily-white purity of Catholicity. Their false and garbled extracts proved only their own dishonesty and baseness.

By precisely the same process of collecting and publishing in a body, according to a preconceived theory, disjointed fragments, one might prove that the studies of law and of medicine are immoral in their tendency, and should be wholly abolished; and that even the sacred and inspired Scriptures of God teem with impurity, and are corrupting in their influence!! Do not those men know that there are in the studies of medicine and law many very plain details on certain delicate subjects, which should not be spread out for general reading, but which, in the connection in which they stand, are highly useful, if not indispensably necessary? Do they not know that those works are strictly professional, and as such not at all blameworthy? And why will they not have the candor and honesty to make the same allowance in regard to Catholic theological works—written in Latin, withdrawn by this circumstance and by their very nature from the popular gaze, and strictly *professional* in their character and tendency? Or is it proper to enter into those details *in English*—a language accessible to all—for the purpose of unfolding *human* laws, and treating the ills of the *body*, and not proper to do the same *in Latin*—a language hidden from the multitude—for the much higher and nobler purpose of de-

veloping the *divine* law, and unfolding the remedies to the maladies of the soul?

Do not the holy Scriptures furnish us with a precedent for this? Are there not many chapters of the Bible which a pure-minded female would not venture to read aloud in company? And is the Bible corrupt for this? And what would be thought of another Sparry or Smith, who should be at the pains of collecting together and publishing in one volume, with a running commentary, all those Scriptural extracts for the purpose of establishing the immorality of the Bible? And what are we to think of the men who have republished and who circulate with zealous commendation the thoroughly infamous book of Michelet, in which the foul infidel more than intimates that the Canticle of Canticles, or Song of Solomon, is little more than a mere love song, breathing in "burning language" the sentiments of a carnal affection; and who tries to prove that the great Bossuet was a carnal-minded and corrupt man, because, in his correspondence with Madam Cornuan, he employs and comments upon the language of that Canticle?* Out upon such pretended delicacy and real hypocrisy! One feels almost tempted to exclaim with Shakspeare:

"Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy."

The real secret of all this clamor against the confessional is found in the fact that confession is very hard to flesh and blood and exceedingly humbling to human pride. It is very painful to feel compelled to reveal our wickedness to a fellow-creature as sinful as ourselves. But this very feature of confession is, perhaps, the strongest proof of its divine origin. Christianity in its very nature wars against flesh and blood, and inculcates self-denial and humility. The practice of confession is highly calculated to keep alive this feeling. How is it possible that man would and could ever have introduced a doctrine so very painful? How is it possible that mankind could have been persuaded to adopt a practice so very humbling, unless they firmly believed that Christ himself had enjoined it as a command and as an essential condition for obtaining pardon of sin? Whoever knows any thing of human nature, knows that, however easy it may be to introduce changes for the worse, and flattering to flesh and blood, it is utterly impossible to persuade men to do what is very painful to nature without a clear divine warrant and sanction. We venture to say that all the preachers of all the jarring sects in Christendom would not be able by joint combination and effort to introduce any such change, or to persuade a dozen of their respective flocks to resort to confession. Let them try the experiment in this or in some other very painful matter proper to test the principle; and if they shall have succeeded, then may they, with some plausibility, repeat the assertion, that confession was introduced by the priests for their own purposes.

But again: if the priests introduced confession, why did they not take the prudent precaution to exempt themselves from its obligation? Why do priests, bishops, and popes still hold themselves divinely bound to go to confession? What motive could have induced them to enjoin confession for the first time? Was it that they might impose on themselves a new burden much more painful than any other in the whole ministry—a burden which weighs down their energies, engrosses so much of their time, taxes so heavily their patience, and withal presents not one *worldly* inducement to continue its laborious ministrations? Do men usually act, not only without an adequate motive, but

*P. 96 seq. In a long note, the author furnishes us with extracts from Bossuet's correspondence, in which the expressions he (Michelet) reprobates most are precisely those of the divine Spouse of the Canticles! Where *spiritual* love alone is indicated, accompanied by *spiritual* union with the divine Spouse, he can understand nothing but mere carnal love! He attempts to prove that Bossuet, the great adversary even of the most mitigated form of Quietism, was in reality a Quietist himself merely because he wrote this commentary on the Canticle of Canticles! The beautiful devotion to the sacred heart of Jesus he perverts in the same vile way. (P. 112, seqq.) These are pretty fair specimens of his mind and heart and of his *reasoning*.

even against all motives of self-interest?

Finally, if the priests introduced confession, *when* did they do it; *under what circumstances; how* did they succeed in persuading mankind to adopt the observance; *who* first taught the doctrine; *who* opposed its introduction? These questions have been often asked; but they have never been answered. History says nothing on all those important circumstances.

We have now done with Michelet and his loathsome book. We have devoted to it more space than it deserved; but we have done it, because the work has appeared in this country under Protestant auspices, as an element in the bitter and most unscrupulous warfare now waged against Catholicity in this *free* republic. We have employed strong language, but not half so strong as the book and the author merited. If the preachers who lead the anti-catholic crusade will be caught in such company, if they will use means so thoroughly vile to promote their objects, can they complain that they should be denounced in strong language? For the great body of the people, misled by their artifices, we have no words of harshness; we have but tears of compassion to drop over their cruel condition in having such leaders. The meek and humble Saviour strongly and severely rebuked the ancient Pharisees out of compassion for the victims of their hypocrisy; we have but sought to aim at the imitation of his example.

SCENES IN THE FAR WEST.

Report of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains in the year 1842, *by Brevet Captain J. C. Frémont, of the Topographical Engineers, under the orders of Col. J. J. Albert, Chief of the Topographical Bureau. Printed by order of the Senate of the United States.*

PROPOSE to extract from the most authentic sources some information respecting the immense territory to the west of the United States, coasting the Pacific from Cape Flattery to Cape St. Lucas, skirting the Mexican provinces on the south, and extending north to the American boundary line. As we feel utterly unable to accomplish our purpose in one article, we must reserve for a later number our matter relating to Oregon and California, and devote the following pages to Captain J. C. Frémont's expedition to the Rocky Mountains in 1842. A report upon the country between the frontiers of Missouri and the South Pass in the Rocky Mountains, and on the line of the Great Platte and Kansas rivers, may not at this *punctum temporis* present equal attractions with "Incidents of Travel in Oregon," or "Reminiscences of California." But the region explored by Captain Frémont is awaiting the seal of Anglo-Saxon civilization, and will be the great thoroughfare to the shores of the Pacific, should *they* attain a more rapid development. Viewed in this light, any "well-authenticated" facts connected with its natural resources and susceptibility of improvement, can not be entirely devoid of interest. This rugged country will doubtless for a long time defy the softening influences of civilization. In the first crusade, civilization will be worsted and will receive from untutored nature the ruggedness she deprives it of:—but the second will have less to encounter, and the enlightened man will eventually triumph. Before many centuries the region comprised between the Mississippi and the

Pacific, may equal the present refinement of that lying between the same great river and the Atlantic.

We shall here do little else than copy Captain Frémont's excellent narrative, which is far better calculated than any other book we have encountered, to convey a correct idea of the country from the frontiers of Missouri, to the South Pass in the Rocky Mountains. It is in the form of a report to Colonel J. J. Albert, chief of the topographical engineers, and while sufficiently entertaining to the general reader, invites the closer attention of the botanist, the chemist, the geographer and the geologist. The following outline of the arduous expedition will perhaps warrant a close perusal. In the neighborhood of St. Louis, Captain Frémont collected twenty-one men, "principally Creole and Canadian *voyageurs*, who had become familiar with prairie life in the service of the fur companies in the Indian country. L. Maxwell, of Kaskaskia, had been engaged as hunter, and Christopher Carson (more familiarly known, for his exploits in the mountains, as Kit Carson) was our guide." Having completed his final arrangements, Captain Frémont and his party left St. Louis on the 10th of June, and reached the Kansas on the afternoon of the 14th. Here was encountered their first difficulty:—but we must allow the Captain to speak for himself.

"I had expected to find the river fordable; but it had been swollen by the late rains, and was sweeping by with an angry current, yellow and turbid as the Missouri. Up to this point the road we had travelled was a remarkably fine one, well beaten and level—the usual road of a prairie country. By our route, the ford was one hundred miles from the mouth of the Kansas river. Several mounted men led the way into the stream, to swim across. The animals were driven in after them, and in a few minutes all had reached the opposite bank in safety. In the meantime, the carts had been unloaded and dismantled, and an India-rubber boat, which I had brought with me for the survey of the Platte river, placed in the water. The boat was twenty feet long and five broad, and on it were placed the body and wheels of a cart, with the load belonging to it, and three men with paddles.

"The velocity of the current, and the inconvenient freight, rendering it difficult to be managed, Basil Lajeunesse, one of our best swimmers, took in his teeth a line attached to the boat and swam ahead in order to reach a footing as soon as possible, and assist in drawing her over. In this manner six passages had been successfully made, and as many carts with their contents, and a greater portion of the party, deposited on the left bank; but night was drawing near, and in our anxiety to have all over before darkness closed in, I put upon the boat the remaining two carts, with their accompanying load. The man at the helm was timid on water, and, in his alarm capsized the boat. Carts, barrels, boxes, and bales were in a moment floating down the current; but all the men who were on the shore jumped into the water without stopping to think if they could swim, and almost every thing—even heavy articles, such as guns and lead—was recovered.

"Two of the men, who could not swim, came nigh being drowned, and all the sugar belonging to one of the messes wasted its sweets on the muddy waters; but our heaviest loss was a bag of coffee, which contained nearly all our provision. It was a loss which none but a traveller in a strange and inhospitable country can appreciate; and often afterward, when excessive toil and long marching had overcome us with fatigue and weariness, we remembered and mourned over our loss in the Kansas. Carson and Maxwell were much in the water yesterday, and both in consequence were taken ill. The former continuing so, I remained in camp. A number of Kansas Indians visited us today. Going up to one of the groups who were scattered among the trees, I found one sitting on the ground, among some of the men, gravely and fluently speaking French, with as much facility and as little embarrassment as any of my party, who were nearly all of French origin.

"On all sides was heard the strange language of his own people, wild and harmonizing well with their appearance. I listened to him for some time with feelings of strange curiosity and interest. He was now apparently thirty-five years of age; and, on inquiry, I learned that he had been at St. Louis when a boy, and there had learned the English language. From one of the Indian women I obtained a fine cow and calf in exchange for a yoke of oxen. Several of them brought us vegetables,

pumpkins, onions, beans, and lettuce. One of them brought butter, and from a half breed near the river I had the good fortune to obtain some twenty or thirty pounds of coffee. The dense timber in which we had encamped interfered with astronomical observations, and our wet and damaged stores required exposure to the sun. Accordingly the tents were struck early the next morning, and leaving camp at six o'clock, we moved about seven miles up the river, to a handsome, open prairie, some twenty feet above the water, where the fine grass afforded a luxurious repast for our horses. * * *

"Along our route the *amorpha* has been in very abundant, but variable gloom—in some places bending beneath the weight of purple clusters; in others, without a flower. It seems to love best sunny slopes with a dark soil and a sunny exposure. Every where the rose is met with, and reminds us of cultivated gardens and civilization. It is scattered over the prairies in small bouquets, and when glittering in the dews and waving in the pleasant breeze of the early morning, is the most beautiful of the prairie flowers. The *artemisia*, absinthe, or prairie sage, as it is variously called, is increasing in size, and glitters like silver as the southern breeze turns up its leaves to the sun. All these plants have their insect inhabitants variously colored, taking generally the hue of the flower on which they live. The *artemisia* has its small fly accompanying it through every change of elevation or latitude; and wherever I have seen the *aselepias tuberosa*, I have always remarked too on the flower a large butterfly, so nearly resembling it in color as to be distinguishable only at a little distance by the motion of its wings. As we advance westward, the soil appears to be getting more sandy, and the surface rock, an erratic deposit of sand and gravel, rests here on a bed of coarse yellow and gray and very friable sandstone. Evening closed over with rain and its usual attendant, hordes of musquitoes, with which we were annoyed for the first time."

This second annoyance was well calculated to remind them of the first, and of the sugar and coffee in the waters of the Kansas. But we resume the narrative.

"*June 22d.*—We enjoyed at breakfast this morning a luxury very unusual in this country, in a cup of excellent coffee with cream from our cow. Our mid-day halt was at Wyeth's creek, in the bed of which were numerous boulders of dark ferruginous sandstone, mingled with others of the red sandstone already mentioned. Here a pack of cards, lying loose upon the grass, marked the encampment of some Oregon emigrants; and it was at the close of the day when we made our bivouac in the midst of some well timbered ravines near Little Blue, twenty-four miles from our camp of the preceding night. Crossing the next morning a number of handsome creeks, with clear water and sandy beds, we reached a very beautiful wooded stream, about thirty-five feet wide, called Sandy Creek, and sometimes, as the Ottoes frequently winter there, the Otto Fork. The country has become very sandy, and the plants less varied and abundant, with the exception of the *amorpha*, which rivals the grass in quantity, though not as forward as it has been found to the eastward. Here *cacti* for the first time made their appearance."

A third annoyance was now to be encountered; a search for water was made in vain, until after a hard day's march of twenty-eight miles they encamped on the Little Blue, where their arrival rivalled a scene in the Arabian desert.

"As fast as they arrived, men and horses rushed into the stream, where they bathed and drank together in common enjoyment. We were now in the range of the Pawnees, who were accustomed to infest this part of the country, stealing horses from companies on their way to the mountains, and when in sufficient force openly attacking and plundering them, and subjecting them to various kinds of insult. For the first time, therefore, guard was mounted to-night. Our route the next morning lay up the valley, which, bordered by hills with graceful slopes, looked uncommonly green and beautiful. The stream was about fifty feet wide and three or four deep, fringed by cotton wood and willow, with frequent groves of oak tenanted by turkeys. Game here, too, made its appearance in greater plenty. Elk were frequently seen on the hills, and now and then an antelope bounded across our path, or a deer broke from the groves. The road in the afternoon was over the upper prairies, several miles from the river, and we encamped at sunset on one of its small tributaries, where an abundance of prêle [*equisetum*] afforded fine forage to our tired animals. We had travelled thirty-one miles. A heavy bank of black clouds in the west came on us in a storm between nine and ten, preceded by a violent wind. The rain fell in such tor-

rents that it was difficult to breathe facing the wind; the thunder rolled incessantly, and the whole sky was tremulous with lightning; now and then illuminated by a blinding flash succeeded by pitchy darkness. Carson had the watch from ten to midnight, and to him had been assigned our young *compagnons de voyage*, Messrs. Brant and R. Benton. This was their first night on guard, and such an introduction did not augur very auspiciously of the pleasures of the expedition. Many things conspired to render their situation uncomfortable; stories of desperate and bloody Indian fights were rife in the camp; our position was badly chosen, surrounded on all sides by timbered hollows and occupying an area of several hundred feet, so that necessarily the guards were far apart; and now and then I could hear Randolph, as if relieved by the sound of a voice in the darkness, calling out to the sergeant of the guard, to direct his attention to some imaginary alarm; but they stood it out, and took their turn regularly afterwards.

"The next morning we had a specimen of the false alarms to which all parties in these wild regions are subject. Proceeding up the valley, objects were seen upon the opposite hills, which disappeared before a glass could be brought to bear upon them. A man who was a short distance in the rear, came spurring up in great haste, shouting Indians! Indians! He had been near enough, according to his report, to see and count them, and had made out twenty-seven. I immediately halted; arms were examined and put in order; the usual preparations made; and Kit Carson, springing upon one of the hunting horses, crossed the river and galloped off into the opposite prairies to obtain some intelligence of their movements.

"Mounted on a fine horse without a saddle, and scouring bareheaded over the prairies, Kit was one of the finest pictures of a horseman I have ever seen. A short time enabled him to discover that the Indian war party of twenty-seven consisted of six elk, who had been gazing curiously at our caravan as it passed by, and were now scampering off at full speed. This was our first alarm, and its excitement broke agreeably on the monotony of the day."

They had now reached a point three hundred miles from the mouth of the Kansas, where the road they had hitherto so diligently pursued, leaves that river and crosses over to the Platte. The elevation of the Platte or Nebraska valley above the sea is, at its junction with the road, about two thousand feet. Captain Frémont describes the soil as light, but rich; though rather sandy in some places; and the timber, with the exception of a scattered fringe along the bank, as consisting principally of poplar, elm and hackberry, and confined almost entirely to the islands. The following incident will convey the best idea of the peculiar fitness of the Platte for navigable purposes.

"*June* 28.—We halted to noon at an open reach of the river, which occupies rather more than a fourth of the valley, here only about four miles broad. The camp had been disposed with the usual precaution, the horses grazing at a little distance attended by the guard, and we were all sitting quietly at our dinner on the grass, when suddenly we heard the startling cry, 'du monde!' In an instant every man's weapon was in his hand, the horses were driven in, hobbled and picketed, and horsemen were galloping at full speed in the direction of the new comers, screaming and yelling with the wildest excitement. "Get ready, my lads," said the leader of the approaching party to his men, when our wild looking horsemen were discovered bearing down upon them; '*nous allons attraper des coups de baguette.*' They proved to be a small party of fourteen under the charge of a man named John Lee, and, with their baggage and provisions strapped to their backs, were making their way on foot to the frontier. A brief account of their fortunes will give some idea of navigation in the Nebraska. Sixty days since they had left the mouth of Laramie's Fork, some three hundred miles above, in barges laden with the furs of the American Fur Company. They started with the annual flood, and drawing but nine inches water, hoped to make a speedy and prosperous voyage to St. Louis; but after a lapse of forty days found themselves only one hundred and thirty miles from their point of departure. They came down rapidly as far as Scott's Bluff, where their difficulties began. Sometimes they came upon places where the water was spread over a great extent, and here they toiled from morning until night, endeavoring to drag their boat through the sands, making only two or three miles in as many days. Sometimes they would enter an arm of the river, where there appeared a fine channel, and after descending pros-

perously for eight or ten miles, would come suddenly upon dry sands, and be compelled to return, dragging their boat for days against the rapid current; and at others they came upon places where the water lay in holes, and getting out to float their boat, would fall into water up to their necks, and the next moment tumble against a sandbar. Discouraged at length, and finding the Platte every day growing more shallow, they discharged the principal part of their cargoes one hundred and thirty miles below Fort Laramie, which they secured as well as possible, and leaving a few men to guard them, attempted to continue their voyage, laden with some light furs and their personal baggage. After fifteen or twenty days more struggling in the sands, during which they made but one hundred and forty miles, they sunk their barges, made a *cache* of their remaining property in trees on the bank, and packing on his back what each man could carry, had commenced the day before we encountered them, their journey on foot to St. Louis.

"We laughed then at their forlorn and vagabond appearance, and in our turn, a month or two afterwards, furnished the same occasion for merriment to others. Even their stock of tobacco, that *sine qua non* of a *voyageur*, without which the night fire is gloomy, was entirely exhausted. However, we shortened their homeward journey by a small supply from our own provision. They gave us the welcome intelligence that the buffalo were abundant some two days in advance, and made us a present of some choice pieces, which were a very acceptable change from our salt pork. In the interchange of news and the renewal of old acquaintanceships, we found wherewithal to fill a busy hour; then we mounted our horses, and they shouldered their packs, and we shook hands and parted. Among them I had found an old companion on the northern prairie, a hardened and hardly served veteran of the mountains, who had been as much hacked and scarred as an old *moustache* of Napoleon's 'old guard.' He flourished in the sobriquet of La Tulipe, and his real name I never knew. Finding that he was going to the States only because his company was bound in that direction, and that he was rather more willing to return with me, I took him again into my service. We travelled this day but seventeen miles."

As the sand-bound voyageurs of the Platte had predicted, our party soon encountered for the first time one of those mighty buffalo armies that sweep over the prairies like icebergs through the ocean. They appear to have a regular organization, and divide with the Indians the political economy of the prairies. Captain Frémont's happy facility of description is conspicuous in his fine picture of the buffalo chase.

"Along our road to-day the prairie bottom was more elevated and dry, and the hills which border the right side of the river higher, and more broken and picturesque in the outline. The country, too, was better timbered. As we were riding quietly along the bank, a grand herd of buffalo, some seven or eight hundred in number, came crowding up from the river, where they had been to drink, and commenced crossing the plain slowly, eating as they went. The wind was favorable; the coolness of the morning invited to exercise; the ground was apparently good, and the distance across the prairie (two or three miles) gave us a fine opportunity to charge them before they could get among the river hills. It was too fine a prospect for a chase to be lost; and halting for a few moments, the hunters were brought up and saddled, and Kit Carson, Maxwell and I started together. They were now somewhat less than half a mile distant, and we rode easily along until within about three hundred yards, when a sudden agitation, a wavering in the band, and a galloping to and fro of some which were scattered along the skirts, gave us the intimation that we were discovered. We started together at a hand gallop, riding steadily abreast of each other, and here the interest of the chase became so engrossingly intense, that we were sensible to nothing else. We were now closing upon them rapidly, and the front of the mass was already in rapid motion for the hills, and in a few seconds the movement had communicated itself to the whole herd.

"A crowd of bulls, as usual, brought up the rear, and every now and then some of them faced about, and then dashed on after the band a short distance, and turned and looked again, as if more than half inclined to stand and fight. In a few moments, however, during which we had been quickening our pace, the rout was universal, and we were going over the ground like a hurricane. When at about thirty yards, we gave the usual shout (the

hunter's *pas de charge*), and broke into the herd. We entered on the side, the mass giving way in every direction in their heedless course. Many of the bulls, less active and less fleet than the cows, paying no attention to the ground, and occupied solely with the hunter, were precipitated to the earth with great force, rolling over and over with the violence of the shock, and hardly distinguishable in the dust. We separated on entering, each singling out his game.

"My horse was a trained hunter, famous in the west under the name of Proveau, and, with his eyes flashing, and the foam flying from his mouth, sprang on after the cow like a tiger. In a few moments he brought me along side of her, and, rising in the stirrups, I fired at the distance of a yard, the ball entering at the termination of the long hair, and passing near the heart. She fell headlong at the report of the gun, and, checking my horse, I looked around for my companions. At a little distance, Kit was on the ground, engaged in tying his horse to the horns of a cow which he was preparing to cut up. Among the scattered bands, at some distance below, I caught a glimpse of Maxwell; and, while I was looking, a light wreath of white smoke curled away from his gun, from which I was too far to hear the report. Nearer, and between me and the hills, towards which they were directing their course, was the body of the herd, and, giving my horse the rein, we dashed after them. A thick cloud of dust hung upon their rear, which filled my mouth and eyes and nearly smothered me. In the midst of this I could see nothing, and the buffalo were not distinguishable until within thirty feet. They crowded together more densely still as I came upon them, and rushed along in such a compact body, that I could not obtain an entrance—the horse almost leaping upon them. In a few moments the mass divided to the right and left, the horns clattering with a noise heard above every thing else, and my horse darted into the opening. Five or six bulls dashed on us as we darted along the line, but were left far behind; and, singling out a cow, I gave her my fire, but struck too high. She gave a tremendous leap, and scoured on swifter than before. I reined up my horse, and the band swept on like a torrent, and left the place quiet and clear."

The buffalo's motto seems to be—"united we stand, divided we fall;" truly American; and, in compliment to such a national beast, *Buffalonia* might vie as a national name with *Alleghania* or *Algania*. Troops of wolves are always hanging on the skirts of the herd to pick up stragglers; hence their intimate union. They are almost as numerous as the wild pigeons of the west. Captain Frémont saw a herd the head of which was lost among the river hills, though allowing the animals to be ten feet apart, that numbered eleven thousand in view, and was rapidly on the increase. Perhaps the head of that herd extended, like a Chilian farm, indefinitely back into the country. An Indian buffalo chase differs somewhat from the comparatively bloodless assault of our author and his friends; we find the *massacre* thus described:

"We were too far to hear the report of the guns or any sound, and at every instant through the clouds of dust which the sun made luminous, we could see for a moment two or three buffalo dashing along, and close behind them an Indian with his spear or other weapon, and instantly again they disappeared. The apparent silence and the dimly seen figures flitting by with such rapidity, gave it a kind of dreamy effect, and seemed more like a picture than a scene of real life. It had been a large herd when the *cerne* commenced, probably three or four hundred in number; but, though I watched them closely, I did not see one emerge from the fatal cloud where the work of destruction was going on. After remaining here about an hour, we resumed our journey in the direction of the village."

We are thus introduced to the Arapahoes and Cheyennes:

"Group after group darted into view at the top of the hills, until all the little eminences seemed in motion, and, in a few minutes from the time they were first discovered, two or three hundred, naked to the breech cloth, were sweeping across the prairie. Before we could reach the timber on the opposite side of the river, down came the Indians upon us.

"I am inclined to think that in a few seconds more the leading man, and perhaps some of his companions, would have rolled in the dust; for we had jerked the covers from our guns, and our fingers were on the triggers; men in such cases generally act from instinct, and a charge

from three hundred savages is a circumstance not well calculated to promote a cool exercise of judgment. Just as he was about to fire, Maxwell recognised the leading Indian, and shouted to him in the Indian language, 'your'e a fool, don't you know me?" The sound of his own language seemed to shock the savage, and swerving his horse a little, he passed us like an arrow. He wheeled as I rode on toward him and gave me his hand, striking his breast and exclaiming, 'Arapahó!' They proved to be a village of that nation, among whom Maxwell had resided as a trader a year or two previously.

"The village consisted of about one hundred and twenty-five lodges, of which twenty were Cheyennes. They were disposed in a scattering manner along both sides of a broad irregular street, about one hundred and fifty feet wide and running along the river. As we rode along, I remarked near some of the lodges, a kind of tripod frame, formed of three slender poles of birch, scraped very clean, to which were affixed the shield and spear, with some other weapons of a chief. All were scrupulously clean, the spear head was burnished bright, and the shield white and stainless. It reminded me of the days of feudal chivalry; and when as I rode by I yielded to the passing impulse, and touched one of the spotless shields with the muzzle of my gun, I almost expected a grim warrior to start from the lodge and resent my challenge. The master of the lodge spread out a robe for me to sit upon, and the squaws set before us a large dish of buffalo meat. He had lit his pipe in the meanwhile, and, when it had been passed round, we commenced our dinner, while he continued to smoke. Gradually five or six other chiefs came in and took their seats in silence. When we had finished, our host asked a number of questions relative to the object of our journey, of which I made no concealment, telling him simply that I had made a visit to see the country, *preparatory to the establishment of military posts on the way to the mountains.* Although this was information of the highest interest to them, and by no means calculated to please them, it excited no expression of surprise, and in no way altered the grave courtesy of their demeanor. I remarked that, in taking the pipe for the first time, each had turned the stem upward with a rapid glance, as an offering to the great Spirit, before he put it in his mouth. A storm had been gathering for the past hour, and some pattering drops reminded us that we had some miles to our camp.

"*July* 9.—We caught the first faint glimpse of the Rocky Mountains about sixty miles distant.

"*July* 13.—To-day, about 4 o'clock, we reached Fort Laramie, where we were cordially received; we pitched our camp a little above the fort, on the bank of Laramie river, in which the pure and clear water of the mountain stream looked refreshingly cool, and made a pleasant contrast to the muddy, yellow waters of the Platte. This port belongs to the American Fur Company, and the object of the establishment is trade with the neighboring tribes, who, in the course of the year, generally make two or three visits to the fort. While mentioning this fact, it is but justice to the American Fur Company to state that, throughout the country, I have always found them strenuously opposed to the introduction of spirituous liquors. But in the present state of things, when the country is supplied with alcohol, when a keg of it will purchase from an Indian every thing he possesses—his furs, his lodge, his horses, and even his wife and children—and, when any vagabond who has money enough to purchase a mule, can go into a village and trade against them successfully, without withdrawing entirely from the trade, it is impossible for them to discontinue its use. In their opposition to this practice, the company is sustained, not only by their obligation to the laws of the country and the welfare of the Indians, but clearly also on the grounds of policy; for with heavy and expensive outfits, they contend at manifestly great disadvantage against the numerous and unlicensed traders, from the United States and from Mexico, having no other stock in trade than some kegs of liquor which they sell at the modest price of thirty-six dollars per gallon. The difference between the regular trader and the *coureur des bois* (as the French call the itinerant or peddling traders), with respect to the sale of spirits, is here, as it always has been, fixed and permanent, and growing out of the nature of their trade. The regular trader looks ahead, and has an interest in the preservation of the Indians, and in the regular pursuit of business, and the preservation of their arms, horses, and every thing necessary to their future and permanent success in hunting: the *coureur des bois* has no permanent interest, and gets what he can for what he can, from every Indian he meets, even at the risk of disabling him from doing any thing more at hunting.

"If it is in contemplation to keep open

the communication with Oregon territory, a show of military force in this country is absolutely necessary; and a combination of advantages renders the neighborhood of Fort Laramie the most suitable place on the line of the Platte, for the establishment of a military post. It is connected with the mouth of the Platte and the upper Missouri by excellent roads which are in frequent use, and would not in any way interfere with the range of the buffalo, on which the neighboring Indians mainly depend for support. It would render any ports on the Lower Platte unnecessary; the ordinary communication between it and the Missouri being sufficient to control the intermediate Indians. It would operate effectually to prevent any such coalitions as are now formed among the Gros Ventres, Sioux, Cheyennes and other Indians, and would keep the Oregon road through the valley of the Sweet Water and the south pass of the mountains constantly open. It lies at the foot of a broken and mountainous region, along which, by the establishment of small posts in the neighborhood of St. Vrain's fort on the south fork of the Platte, and Bent's fork on the Arkansas, a line of communication would be formed by good *wagon* roads with our southern military posts, which would entirely command the mountain passes, hold some of the more troublesome tribes in check, and protect and facilitate our intercourse with the neighboring Spanish settlements. The valleys of the rivers on which they would be situated are fertile; the country, which supports immense herds of buffalo, is admirably adapted to grazing; and herds of cattle might be maintained by the posts, or obtained from the Spanish country, which already supplies a portion of their provisions to the trading posts mentioned above."

On July 28, our gallant party encountered some Sioux Indians, who gave them a dismal prospect of the country before them; representing that the great drought and the plague of grasshoppers had swept it so that scarce a blade of grass was to be seen, and not a buffalo to be found in the whole region: that their people had been nearly starved to death, and that their road was marked by the carcasses of the horses they had eaten or which had perished by starvation. Mr. Bisonnette, the interpreter, advised a retreat, and we are here reminded of passages in the life of Cortes.

"In reply," continues the narrative, "I called up my men and communicated to them fully the information I had just received. I then expressed to them my fixed determination to proceed to the end of the enterprise on which I had been sent; but as the situation of the country gave me some reason to apprehend that it might be attended with an unfortunate result to some of us, I would leave it optional with them to continue with me or to return.

"Among them were some five or six who I knew would remain. We had still ten days' provisions, and should no game be found when this stock was expended, we had our horses and mules which we could eat, when other means of subsistence failed. But not a man flinched from the undertaking. 'We'll eat the mules!' said Basil Lajeunesse, and thereupon we shook hands with our interpreter and his Indians and parted."

The dismal picture held up by the Sioux was not exaggerated. For the mountain expedition in view, i. e. the ascent, the provisions of the party consisted of a few pounds of coffee, a small quantity of maccaroni, dry buffalo meat cooked in tallow, hard as wood, and having much the taste and appearance of bark. Bread was out of the question, and game had long since disappeared. But still they persevered, and, on the 15th of August, stood upon the top of the Rocky Mountains 13,570 feet above the gulf of Mexico.

"I sprang upon the summit," says the captain, "and another step would have precipitated me into an immense snow field, five hundred feet below. I stood on a narrow crest three feet in width, with an inclination of about 20° N. 51° E. As soon as I had gratified the first feelings of curiosity I descended, and each man ascended in his turn, for I would allow only one at a time to mount the unstable and precarious slab, which it seemed a breath would hurl into the abyss below. We mounted the barometer in the snow of the summit, and, fixing a ramrod in a crevice, unfurled the national flag to wave in the breeze where never flag waved before. During our morning's ascent, we had met no sign of animal life except a small sparrow-like bird. A stillness the most profound, and a terrible solitude forced themselves constantly on the mind as the great features of the place. Here

on the summit where the stillness was absolute, unbroken by any sound, and the solitude complete, we thought ourselves beyond the region of animated nature; but while we were sitting on the rock, a solitary *bee* came winging his flight from the eastern valley, and lit on the knee of one of the men."

The next day buffalo ribs "again made their appearance around our fires, and with them good humor, laughter, and song, were restored to the camp;" and the 17th of October witnessed Captain Frémont and his adventurers safe at St. Louis.

We beg leave to subjoin the interview between Captain Frémont and the Sioux chiefs—the Otter Hat, the Breaker of Arrows, the Black Night, the Bull's Tail—as it marks the temper of the red man towards the white.

"One of the Indians rose, and, having first skaken hands with me, spoke as follows: You have come among us at a bad time. Some of our people have been killed, and our young men, who are gone to the mountain, are eager to avenge the blood of their relations, which has been shed by the whites. Our young men are bad, and, if they meet you, they will believe that you are carrying goods and ammunition to their enemies, and will fire upon you. You have told us that this will make war. We know that our great father has many soldiers and big guns, and we are anxious to have our lives. We love the whites and are desirous of peace. Thinking of all these things, we have determined to keep you here until our warriors return. We are glad to see you among us. Our father is rich, and we expected that you would have brought presents to us, horses, guns, and blankets. But we are glad to see you. We look upon your coming as the light which goes before the sun; for you will tell our great father that you have seen us, and that we are naked and poor, and have nothing to eat; and he will send us all these things."

The report from which we have so copiously drawn, is equally distinguished by its modesty and ability. Captain Frémont is not one of those fashionable tourists who fancy that what they see can only be made interesting when loaded with their *reflections;* just as if a wreath of artificial flowers around the neck of the statue of Venus would enhance its beauty. It is delightful to see a gentleman uniting, like Xenophon, the scholar to the soldier.

In our notices of Oregon and California, we shall have recourse to the letters of some early missionaries from which much interesting matter may be culled. We shall also follow Captain Frémont in his expedition in the years 1843, '44, though not so closely as here. We like his guidance; his style is always brief and clear, and frequently possesses a freshness and force akin to elegance.

ELEGIAC STRAINS.

"And I heard a voice from heaven, saying to me: Write, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. From henceforth now, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; for their works follow them."—*Apocalypse*, xiv, 13.

BLESSED, thrice blessed the holy dead,
Who rest from their cares in their lowly bed!
They are taken away from the storms to come,
They are shelter'd on high, in a heav'nly home;
With them no more is there grief or pain,
But joy and gladness for ever reign.

Why weep I then for the parted friend,
Whose bliss is begun, that can never end?
O still at her tomb, should I raise the voice
Of praises to God, and aloud rejoice,
That a saint has gone to the upper sky,
To dwell with her sister seraphs on high.

Yet still my tears will not cease to flow,
While lonely I wander, on earth below;
O who can think of the desolate hearth,
Where hush'd are the accents of love and mirth,
Which sooth'd all my sorrows, for many a day,
For ever departed and passed away!

Cold, cold is the heart once with love so warm,
And silent the tongue, which but spoke to charm,
And the graceful form, and the beaming eye,
Now mould'ring in solitude, distant lie.
I strive to forget, but the wound remains
Deep, deep in my heart, with its burning pains.

Yet why should I sorrow? the *loss* is mine,
But the *gain*, O angelic consort, thine;
Thy treasure was stored in the realms above,
Thou art gone to receive the reward of love;
While I—O aid with thy sainted prayer,
That I may rejoin thee, in glory there! V. D. B

LOUISVILLE, August 18th, 1845.

A FORTNIGHT AMONGST THE CHIPPEWAS.

BY PROFESSOR DUCATEL.

ONE of the conditions, in the purchase from the Chippewa Indians of the vast tract of land lying in Wisconsin Territory, and partly in the state of Michigan to the south of Lake Superior, is the payment to them of a stipulated annuity, consisting of articles of clothing, blankets, kettles, guns and ammunition, together with a certain amount in specie. To receive this annuity, they are notified by the Indian agents to assemble at the most convenient places for the transportation of the goods within some specified period. This year, those inhabiting the southern coast of Lake Superior from the Ance up, those to the east of the Mississippi, and on the head waters of that river, as far as Leech Lake, were required to assemble on the 10th of last August at Lapointe, the principal trading post of the American Fur Company. It appears that the whole number of these Indians entered upon the rent roll of this year was 5030, of whom, however, not one half of the number came forward, the remainder being represented by proxy. The amount to be distributed was twenty-eight thousand dollars in clothing, and twenty-two thousand dollars in cash, with a further allowance of five thousand dollars for provisions dealt out to them during their stay at the post and the balance of which they are permitted to take along with them. Among those admitted to this distribution are, not only the roving Indians, but likewise the settled half-breeds; these being supposed to have inherited a share in the sovereignty of the soil.

The annual recurrence of this "payment" (*L'bahmahtin*, as the Indians call it) brings together a great many families; for not only do the men come, but they bring along with them the women and children and dogs. They build up their wigwams along the shores of the beautiful bay of Lapointe, locating themselves according to bands, but without any reference to conveniency of arrangement—the result seemingly of an unpremeditated impulse. Their lodges, that are dome-shaped, made of bent sapplings and covered with birch bark, are carelessly put up and unsightly, and, being in scattered groups, without any line of bearing, as a geologist would say, they produce no picturesque effect by themselves, but require other adventitious circumstances to relieve the sameness of their appearance. On the present occasion there are not more than two thousand Indians assembled, and their personal appearance is far from being prepossessing—but very few good looking men and still fewer well looking women. The children alone are attractive by their healthful look, their playfulness, and their noise. The half-naked men are wrapped up in dirty blankets, with their faces horridly besmeared with paint; the women are decently covered, but unwashed and uncombed; their children pretty much in the same bodily condition, except that some have a little clothing on, whilst others have none at all.

The animation of an Indian camp consists in a motley set of half-clad human beings of the male sex, squatted upon the ground, sullenly smoking their pipes, or seated in circular groups playing cards, or their favorite and more animated *mukkesinnahdah-dewug* (which will be presently described); women and little girls moving about the fires, cooking and fetching water, and a parcel of idle boys kicking at each other, wrestling, and screaming at the top

of their voices, or teazing a whole gang of half-starved dogs that bark and growl.

The old women scarcely ever leave the lodges; young women or maidens are never seen intermixed with the men, or participating in their amusements. They move at a distance from them; the mothers with their babes, swaddled, in a hod which is carried on the back, or simply supported, in the same way, by a blanket worn as a shawl. The young women are cheerful in their looks, and modest in their deportment. They have a more cleanly appearance than the squaws, are more talkative among themselves, and the better sort ornament their arms and ankles with bands of bead work, and wear decent ear rings with bead necklaces. They seldom disfigure themselves with paint. This folly is principally confined to the men, who seem, indeed, much fonder also of trinkets than the women. A warrior will be seen with a dozen of eagle's feathers banded round his head, his face painted red, blue, and black, with a red circle around one eye and a blue one around the other, a great slit in his ear, from which depends a profusion of tinselled ornaments, and the like hung round his neck, a gawdily embroidered belt of bead work, with leggins of the same material, and thus attired, he struts about like a peacock. One of this class offered five dollars for a turkey cock; on being asked what he wanted to do with it, it was solely to possess its tail feathers to ornament his head. Strange are their notions of improvement in this conchoidal appendage to the human head. They will stick long plated arrows into them, even as our own fair countrywomen stick similar darts through their hair. They fix knives and forks into these auricular slits, and some have been seen with a comb thus preposterously located. The young female *barbarian* does not venture upon these extravagances; but, like a *Christian* daughter, is satisfied with a simple ear ring. Useless as it may be, this supererogatory fixture conveys no meretricious intention on the part of the Indian girl; for it is worn alike by the woman and the maid; but upon what notion of good taste do our civilized daughters imitate this savage custom? As our young women don't take snuff, why not hang rings to their noses, likewise? Surely a fine engraving of Queen Victoria would set off her royal majesty's head much better without the bodkins.

But to return to the "payment." It is accomplished in this way. The agent having adjusted the rent-roll, which he does upon the returns of the chiefs of the several bands,—each of whom is the bearer of a bundle of small sticks that represent the number of members belonging to his clan, and, strange to say, this is the only way they can be made to enumerate themselves,—the goods are then allotted and distributed by bands.

This adjustment of the rent-roll is not, however, unattended with difficulties; the agent being the auditor of all claims and bars against the regular division of the property. Some of the claims against the payment in full to a band are peculiar to the Indian social condition. Thus, if a manslaughter has been committed to the damage of a family of any one band, by an individual of another, the injured party demands indemnity from the aggressor out of his portion of the annuity, if he be able to give it; if not, he asks it from the whole band to which he belongs. In the same way any accidental or mischievous damage done by one band to another, or by the Indians to our own people, is sure to be met with a claim for indemnities, requiring not only judgment, but firmness on the part of the agent to allow or reject. To carry on this sort of litigation, there are numerous conferences and "talks," that afford not the least interesting occasions for studying the Indian character.

At one of these "talks," *Biziki*, or Buffalo, spoke pretty much to this effect upon the subject of Indian aggressions. After offering his salutations, and those of his band who were seated round the hall, first to their great father at Washington, and then to the Indian agent, he said "that

his people had been accused of committing aggressions upon the whites—he thought it probable that some of the thoughtless young men might have done so, and if he knew who they were, he would certainly point out to them how much against their interest it is to do such things. He had made some inquiries about the alleged aggressions, and he thought that when they came to be examined into they would be found of a very trifling nature, and more intended as a retaliation for much greater aggressions on the part of the white men. He said that his people were satisfied with the assistance and the advice which the great father had caused to be given to them, and that they were thankful to him for his presents. He had advised his people himself, as the agent had last year asked him to do, to turn their attention, more than they had previously done, to the cultivation of their soil, to the planting of corn and of potatoes; but that the wide woods were still full of game, and the deep waters full of fish, and that it was difficult to prevail upon the young men to abandon these resources, to go about turning up the ground. They preferred to leave that to the care of the women, who seemed to be better fitted for such drudgery. He would, however, continue to advise them gradually to break themselves into this new system, if it were only to keep them from the temptation, when they were pinched by want, to trespass upon the potato patches of the white men. Yet he was of opinion that if the agent looked carefully into the matter, he would find that the aggressions came most frequently from the whites upon the Indians."

He now signified that he had spoken all he had to say. And, advancing to the agent, gave him his hand, and in succession to all those seated round the agent's table.

On another occasion, *Singoup*, or Balsam Tree, spoke in some such a strain as this. After making the usual salutation, he said that he probably would be considered as having spoken like a child. "The truth is," he said, "I am now a child—the time was when I was a man, and then I spoke like a man; but now I speak like a child, because my young men treat me as if I was a child. When I was a British Indian I was treated by the British agents like a man—they spoke well of me, which my young men heard, and they gave me presents, which my young men saw, and that caused them to respect me; but now that I am an American Indian, I am not noticed by the great father, and my young men think that I am not in favor, and, therefore, they treat me like a child. I used to give them good advice, which they heeded; but now they don't listen to what I say. It is not my fault. If they become dissatisfied, great mischief may arise out of it—they may again draw the knife—and there may be a great deal of bloodshed. It was not so when I was a British Indian; but now I am a child, and must expect to be treated like a child." To which the Indian agent replied very appropriately, "that there was nothing more true than that he had spoken like a child; but it was not true that he had not been as well spoken of or treated as the other chiefs. Whenever it was known that he had given good advice to his people, he had been lauded for it, and received presents. As to his taunting him (the agent) with what he was when a British Indian, it was a matter of perfect indifference—the great father at Washington had ample power to keep all children under obedience, and would do so; that he would reward where reward was due, and punish where punishment was merited. He talked of bloodshed; he (the agent) could tell them, and he was glad to have an opportunity of saying so in the presence of the young men here assembled, that if they dared to respond to such sentiments as those expressed by their chief, they would sorely repent of it. Yes, Singoup," said the agent, "you have indeed spoken like a child. At one time I thought you were a good man; I fear now that I was mistaken, though I still hope that your speech was

prompted by some momentary ebullition of passion, that your better sense will cause you to repent of. If you wish to speak again, speak like a man, not like a whining child, or a woman." Singoup, who had been during this severe reprimand composedly smoking his pipe, then rose once more and blandly said "that what he had said amounted to nothing at all. He only wished to see what effect it would have upon his young men." He then advanced and shook hands, not a little to the amusement, though surprise of all, at this ingenuous way of getting out of a scrape.

There are two occasions when the Indian character shows itself strongly: at their dances and when they are gambling. During the period of the payment the performance of the pipe-dance, together with the war-dance, is a very frequent exhibition with them; and as they resort to it for the express purpose of levying a contribution upon the merchants and traders of Lapointe, it has been more significantly called the "begging-dance." Accordingly they make great preparations for its "coming off" with effect—such as anointing their limbs, painting their bodies in the most fantastical manner, and, barely saving decency, appear almost naked. After promenading the village, they assemble before the agency house, and other places where they expect to be treated, and commence their performances. The pipe-dance is usually a *pas seul*, danced by the most expert *balerini* of the troup in turns, and consists in grotesque and violent distortions of the body, indicative more of suppleness than of strength, but having no pretensions whatever to grace. It precedes the war-dance, in which the whole *corps de ballet* unite in equally violent contortions of limbs, and *quasi* martial exercises of marching and countermarching, interspersed with the firing off of pistols, brandishing of knives, going through the sham action of slaying and scalping an enemy, and making animated harangues. Both dances are accompanied by a monotonous beating upon a kettle, or a tight skin, and the jingling of bells, that are played by the elders of the band, who seem to delight in the sport, and contribute to it by an incessant chant. *Nemeewin* is their generic name for a dance; *opwagun-nemeewin* is the pipe-dance, and *medaweewin* the grand medicine dance. The boys sometimes fall into the dance; but the women never; and only a few, ensconced behind the fences, are even spectators of it. The dance being over, the party is usually at the factory treated with some crackers' and cheese; and a pail of sweetened water, into which has been poured a bottle or two of essence of peppermint, is brought out, to which they help themselves at discretion. They are very fond of this sort of mint julep, which they call *mahkahwahgomik*.

The Indians are inveterate gamblers. They have combined a game of cards (*ahtahdewenog*) which is said by those who play it to be full of interest and ingenuity. But their favorite game is the *mukesinnahdahdewog*, or moccasin game. It is played with four bullets (one of which is jagged) and four moccasins. The four bullets are to be hid, one under each moccasin, by the first player, whose *deal* is decided by throwing up a knife and letting it fall on the blanket, the direction of the blade indicating the person who is to hide first. The four bullets are held in the right hand, and the left hand is kept moving from one moccasin to the other; whilst the player, with a peculiar manner calculated to divert the attention of the one with whom he is playing, and with an incessant chaunt accompanied by a swinging motion of the head and trunk, passes his bullet hand under the moccasins depositing a bullet under each. The other is to guess where the jagged bullet is, but not at the first trial; for if he strike upon it the first time, he loses four sticks—there being twenty altogether, that are used as counters; if the second time he make a similar guess, then he loses three stricks; but if he guess the situation of the jagged bullet the third time, then he *gains* four sticks; finally, should the bullet remain under the

fourth moccasin, the guesser loses four sticks. The game continues until the twenty sticks have passed from one hand to the other. At this game, of which they are very fond, they stake every thing about them, and sometimes come away literally stripped. The groups that are thus collected are amongst the most characteristic of Indian habits. There will be twenty sitting down and as many standing round, intent upon the progress of the game, which is carried on in silence, except on the part of the hider.

Another game of chance, and perhaps the only other after cards, and the one just described, is the *pahgehsehwog*, or pan-play, which consists in guessing at any thing, or number of things, enclosed between two pans. The men also amuse themselves at foot races for a wager, and shooting with the bow and arrow, which is termed *pahpahmetehgwahdah.* The boys have a few games of their own: one consists in pitching pins into a hole as our boys pitch marbles; this is called *ahtahdedah-nesaguahbedeun.* They also play at ball by throwing it out and catching it with a stick, the end of which is curled up and makes the opening a pocket of net work; this is their *pahgahto-wahnak.* But their favorite amusement seems to be a game at marbles, which must have been taught to them by the French Catholic missionaries;* for it is the same that is played at all the Catholic schools and colleges of our country, was at one time exclusively played at these institutions, though now known every where. It is what our boys call, if the recollection serves well, "knuckling." The Indian boys call it *ninijoweh-ehdehdah.* They play also at "hop-scop," and they have their *shosehman,* or snow stick, about the length of a common walking cane cut out in the shape of a sledge, which they cause to slide over the snow or ice. He who sends it farthest, upon a bet, wins. The only plays observed among the girls, is the *pahpahjekahwewog,* a sort of substitute for our "graces," which simply consists in catching with two sticks a twine loaded at each end with a ball; and another, to which they give the name of *paskahwewog,* is a sort of "cup-and-ball," in which a pin is used instead of the ball, and is caught, by a similar arrangement to our game, on its point.

The Indian boys (*kwewezens*) are very fond of wrestling, a gymnastic which they term *kahguahjewah-nahawin.* They never box; their usual mode of fighting being to kick at each other—*tunggishkoo-dahdawin;* they practise this exercise also for amusement. The men (*enenewug*) never fight except with bloody intentions. The women (*equawug*) and girls (*equesens*) do frequently, with all the destructive manipulations of the sex in every clime. A very remarkable trait of character in the Indians is, that they never quarrel, nor address insulting epithets to each other. If one wishes to speak ill of another, he will do so in his presence, but addresses himself to a third person; the insulted party either listens to it in silence, goes away, takes no notice of it, or resents it by a manslaughter.

The Chippewas appear not to be musical. The Ottowas who assemble at the Sault and at Mackina are much more so, as on the occasions of their "payment" they buy fifes, flutes, and fiddles, which they use *tant bien que mal;* but the Chippewa's notion of music is concentrated in his *tawahegun,* or drum, and the jews-harp, *madwawechegance.* They have songs, but they could not be prevailed upon to sing them.

* Cards were introduced among them by the British and American traders.

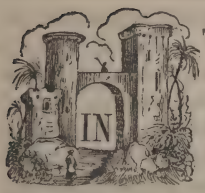
TO BE CONTINUED.

PÉRE JEAN, OR THE JESUIT MISSIONARY.

A CATHOLIC STORY FOUNDED ON FACTS.

CHAPTER I.

The Missionary.



THE year of our Lord 1642, the various missionary stations of the Jesuits throughout Canada, or New France, as it was then called, were threatened with all the wild fury of the savage and untamable Iroquois. The Five Nations had proved themselves the most unconquerable in their hostility to the white man; to the religion which he taught, and the civilization which he endeavored to introduce. In vain had overtures of peace been made. For a time, perhaps, as if slumbering from indolence or exhaustion, they ceased to ravage, but it was only to break forth again with more furious energy. Their bands of braves "ranged the illimitable forests" with no power to control them, and no rivals whom they dreaded. They traversed the St. Lawrence and lakes Erie and Ontario, and they struck their enemy upon the shores of lake Champlain.

Every missionary on his way to his distant station was in constant danger of captivity and death; and yet never were those stations left unfilled for want of brave and devoted men to dare all the terrors of the route, and the chances of enduring the torture at the villages of the Mohawks. The path to the Huron missions was perhaps more completely beset than any other, for the Iroquois had succeeded in cutting off, or at least in interrupting the communication between Upper and Lower Canada. They had possession of the immediate passes.

In Quebec, in that year, the feast of St. Ignatius, the founder of the Society of Jesus, was celebrated with no ordinary splendor. The fathers on that joyous occasion offered up with full hearts the glorious crown of souls, gathered from the wilderness—gathered up to the "greater honor of God" by the sons of St. Ignatius, from the wandering children of the forest. It was no feeling of earthly glory or of human pride that swelled within their hearts as they raised them up towards heaven, throbbing high with exultation. It was not the triumph which lightens up the eye of the worldly conqueror and curls his lip, that made their step more stately, and their pale features glow with an unwonted flush. They were spiritual soldiers; and they felt, in their hearts, the glory of their calling and the martial joy of victory over the infernal enemy against whom they battled. Many a full, deep voice trembled as it chanted the solemn service; age prayed with its chastened calmness; youth vowed to make itself more worthy of the glorious founder under whose banners they were enlisted in the service of God. Deep was the feeling that pervaded all hearts on that memorable festival.

Among the priests who knelt at the altar, was one remarkable for his worn and sunburnt aspect. A little beyond the full prime and strength of manhood, with the nobility of nature stamped upon his brow, he was a man calculated to strike the attention of all who looked upon him. And yet there was nothing hard or stern in those grave, calm features; they were the true picture of a good and gentle heart; a mind tutored in the patient and enduring school of Xavier and Loyola; a will subdued and mortified. Father Jean Laval was preparing himself for a renewal of his ar-

duous mission in the western wilderness. A few weeks of rest and relaxation had elapsed since he had completed the perilous voyage from the missions at the falls of St. Mary, between lakes Huron and Superior, and now he was assisting for the last time for many months, it might be for ever, with his brethren of Quebec, at the holy mystery of the altar. And yet the perilous voyage before him did not appear to weigh upon his mind. Abstracted from all earthly things, his soul seemed only the more closely wrapt in the contemplation of things heavenly. Not so with many a full heart in that thronged temple of God: but the fulness of their hearts only made them mingle more fervently with their prayers the name of him on whom their eyes now rested with such deep love and admiration. He was going once more to that nation of pious Indians of whom they had heard such joyful tidings—who clustered to the true altar of God in thousands; a Christian people in the wilderness. He was going to enlarge the empire of the gospel, to plant the cross in new regions, to face new dangers, it might be to win a martyr's crown. It was a noble spectacle to them, a spectacle of Christian, chivalric devotion.

At length the last chant of the solemn mass had ceased to swell in the crowded aisle; the benediction had been given, and, silently and with holy recollection, the worshippers departed to their homes. A small group of Indians alone remained before the church. In a few moments Father Laval, in his cassock, accompanied by another priest of his order, issued from the sacristy, where he had disrobed, and advanced towards them.

"My dear children," he said, "all my arrangements are completed: we will depart to-morrow. Our superior so wills it."

"It is good," replied one of their number, who appeared to be the chief of the party. "Ahasistari hears his father, the black gown."

"At day-break, then, sachem——"

"The Hurons will be ready." And the party separated, Father Laval and his companion pursuing their walk to the house of their order.

"Ah, my friend, what a glorious lot is yours? You go to carry the cross of Christ to the heathen! Oh! shall we not envy you the inestimable happiness of being thought worthy of such high honor?" fervently exclaimed the companion of Father Laval.

"No, my brother; rather pray for me that my unworthiness may not render fruitless the prayers of the good and pious in behalf of the benighted Indian. And yet it is a glorious field of labor; so rich, so sweet, so full of consolation; all its toils and dangers well repaid by the happy privilege of winning souls to God."

"And happy are the auspices, Father Laval! On this festival of our great saint, you prepare to add new glory to his name on earth, by bringing new children to the fold of Christ."

"And to-morrow, Father Anthony, to-morrow is the feast of '*the chains of St. Peter.*'"

"Happy coincidence, my brother," exclaimed Father Anthony. "You go on that day forth to bind the savage in the chains of Peter, to win wandering children to the footstool of his master."

"Or to wear my chains like him; but, alas! I am not deserving of such favor. I shall not be deemed worthy of suffering for him who died for me. Oh, happiness! oh, bliss! I dare not hope for thee!"

"Happy apostle! happy in the chains and suffering you may be worthy of enduring. We, thy brethren, seek a remembrance in thy prayers."

"Father Anthony Daniel," said the missionary, slowly and thoughtfully, as they reached the end of their walk, "it shall be *thine* next."

CHAPTER II.

The Departure.

On the following morn, the first day of August, a gallant fleet of war-canoes

floated gaily from beneath the guns of fort Quebec. The plumed and painted Indians, bowing their strength to the paddles, sent their light and graceful barks rapidly into the mid-waters of the broad St. Lawrence. The sun was just rising, and breaking dim and red through the heavy mists that overhung the river: yet ere the last canoe swept into the line, the veil of vapor began to disappear before its powerful rays. Breaking into light clouds, it rose and floated slowly away towards the south, while streams of sunshine poured brightly through each opening, lighting up the earth with a rich glow, and clothing the placid bosom of the river with a robe of gold. As the mist dispersed, the scene around became distinct in its full beauty, and the infant city seemed to waken up to life and activity. A crowd of citizens stood upon the quay, gazing eagerly and fondly on the receding fleet, as if it contained some dear object upon which, perhaps, they might be looking for the last time.

In the rearmost and largest canoe were the only two white men of the party—Father Jean Laval and his young assistant, the novice, René Bourdoise. Guiding the canoe in which they sat, Ahasistari, the chief, seemed to guard their comfort and convenience as the first object of his care. The vigorous arms of the Indian rowers impelled the canoes westward up the St. Lawrence, and when the foremost was about disappearing to the view of the party on the quay, Father Laval arose in the trembling bark, and extending his hands towards heaven, invoked again that blessing upon their pilgrimage, which he had, already, in company with his brethren and the whole people, so earnestly besought. Then, with an affectionate wave of his hand, he bade adieu to his distant friends, and, resuming his seat, bowed his head in silent prayer. At the same instant a wreath of smoke, accompanied with a bright flash, burst from the walls upon the heights of Abraham, and the heavy sullen roar of cannon swept in a moment more across the waters, while the cloud of smoke rose slowly and spirally towards the heavens. Father Laval raised his head and gazed for a single instant upon the standard of France, as it waved over the impregnable fortress, and then resumed his prayer and meditation. No sound now broke upon the ear but the slight splash of the paddle, as it dipped lightly but vigorously in the stream, and the murmuring of the rippling current around the sharp bow of the canoe in its rapid course.

The young novice looked upon the bright, glad scene around him with a subdued pleasure, now curiously watching the lithe and active forms of the graceful Indians as they bent their strength to their paddles, and now casting his eye towards the glorious scenery that bordered on the St. Lawrence. Perhaps scarce twenty summers had he numbered, and yet he seemed already to have drank in the severe yet serene lessons of the Jesuit school of endurance. Parting from the midst of civilized men, going unarmed and defenceless through paths waylaid by a remorseless enemy, he exhibited no fear, no regrets; in the midst of novelty and the unequalled beauty of the view around, he permitted no extravagant sign of delight to escape his lips. He subdued the transport of his feelings into the calmness of tranquil enjoyment, and by his silence and serenity won the admiring regard of the stern warriors of the Hurons.

At length Father Laval addressed him. "René, my son, we have entered happily upon our arduous journey. How beautiful is this earth around us, which God has given to man for the scene of his pilgrimage. He is a good God, my children, infinitely loving: if he has thus cared for our happiness here, in this sojourn on earth, what has he not prepared for the faithful and persevering servant in heaven? Let us meditate upon his infinite goodness, and mercy, and love. It is fitting thus to begin and consecrate our labors."

The Indians assented with the usual short and subdued exclamation: and for

a space no sound was heard save the regular strokes of the paddles, while the canoe proceeded with unslackened speed. After some time spent in meditation, the good priest employed himself in reciting his office, and René Bourdoise gazed calmly down towards the receding towers of Quebec until he caught the last glimpse of the lofty flag-staff bearing the banner of St. Dennis. As the scenery became wilder and more desolate, his mind began to recur to the bright scenes of his native land, and to visit once more the beautiful and populous valleys of France. The recollection of home and early friends, of parents and distant kindred, came rushing upon the youth, casting a dark and gloomy hue upon the prospects before him. Desolation and danger seemed to deepen round him; yet, suppressing these thoughts with a single aspiration, he placed himself under the invocation of the Virgin, and devoted himself without reserve to the will of God.

It was in this spirit, and with such dispositions, that the whites of the party entered on their voyage. The Hurons were seemingly indifferent to every thing but the comfort of those whom they were guiding and escorting to the hunting grounds of their tribe; and were only warmed into life and animation by the fervor of their hearts when absorbed in religious exercises. They displayed in nothing that there was danger of assault, whilst they were prepared for any event.

Father Laval, after some time, closed his book, and turning towards the leader of the party, addressed him:

"My son, what think you is the prospect of our safely passing, by the waters, to the Huron missions? Were it not better to land and cross the forest towards the Ottawa?"

After a moment's pause, Ahasistari replied: "Father, the way is long and toilsome for the white man, and his trail is broad. The Mohawk crosses the river, and his eye is keen. The running waters keep no trail, and the Huron canoes are swift and easy. My father, I swear to thee that Ahasistari will share thy fortunes whether of death or life!"

"To your skill and judgment I confide the choice of the route—the issue is in the hands of the Almighty."

CHAPTER III.

The Instruction.

Of the Indians, who composed the escort of the missionaries, some were not yet baptized. All, however, had heard, with devout attention, the preaching of the Jesuit. They had listened to him as the messenger of wonderful tidings, and had believed. But yet the careful priest hesitated long to admit to the regenerating waters of baptism those of their number who, he feared, were not sufficiently instructed in the faith of the Catholic church. The untaught Indian, accustomed to roam through the wilderness, with the works of God for ever before his observant eyes, and with incomprehensibilities around him, unable to fathom the mysteries of nature, nay, the mysteries of his own life, felt within himself the conviction of a supreme, invisible Existence. With the book of nature open before him, and nature's voice ever in his ear, he might well, by the dim light of reason, wander into the labyrinths of polytheism; but it was impossible for him to stifle or forget the instinctive belief of humanity in the God invisible, supreme over all. The unlettered wanderer in the boundless forests had reached the same point of knowledge at which it had been possible for the sage of antiquity to arrive. He worshipped the "unknown God." But the machinery of the universe was beyond the power of his reason, and he found a minor deity in every bird and beast and fish and tree and stone. When the Catholic missionary preached to him of the God infinite, supreme, eternal, filling all space, at whose will the world and all its life and beauty had sprung into being, and at whose will the earth again would melt away, who was the Creator and the Lord of all, and

"in whom all things lived and moved and had their being," to his unsophisticated mind, it seemed worthy of the great Spirit which his instinct had sought after in nature, and beyond nature, in vain.

The piety and zeal and superior knowledge of the missionary had won him credence, and when he preached to them of the Saviour who had come upon earth, of his death, and of his resurrection for the salvation of all, and unfolded to them the evidences of Christianity, they listened with reverence to his words, and cherished them in their hearts.

In his own canoe, Father Jean Laval had placed two of his neophytes for the purpose of continuing their instruction during the voyage, and René Bourdoise, in order that he might be schooled in the best mode of conveying knowledge to the simple-minded savage.

"Huron, dost thou know who created thee?" he said, addressing the elder of the two, a warrior of some note whose instruction he had but lately commenced.

"The great Spirit, who made the earth and the waters and the forests," replied Haukimah, reverently.

"And, Huron, did he make the buffalo and the bounding deer?"

"Yes, father; the buffalo and the bounding deer, and all things else that live."

"And did he make thee and me like to them?"

"My fathers taught that the buffalo and the bounding deer departed to the hunting ground of spirits where the warrior's shade pursued them as here on earth. It is wrong. The black gown teacheth that the great Spirit made man like himself, and breathed his breath into his nostrils—heaven was made for the man who doeth good. The wild beast dies and perishes."

Father Jean Laval, from the foundation of this simple questioning, took occasion to explain fully and minutely, and impress deeply upon the mind of those whom he was instructing, the history of man's creation, his fall, and the promise of his redemption, fulfilled by the coming, the passion, and the glorious death of the Saviour of the world. He told them how man's nature became corrupt by his fall; how he became perverse through his disobedience, prone to evil, subject to all the temptations of the devil.

"It is that which makes the Iroquois cruel and blood-thirsty," said the younger neophyte; "the spirit of evil is within him."

"As he is with all bad men, my son; as he is with you when you indulge revengeful feelings towards the Iroquois. When you would do them evil for evil. You must love those who hate you."

"Shall the Huron love the Iroquois?" exclaimed the young warrior as his eyes glistened with awakened passion, and his head was elevated in disdain; "shall the dove and the hawk nestle together?"

"Is the Huron a dove in his heart?" broke in the deep stern voice of Ahasistari; "the dove is tender. The Huron brave should be bold and fearless like the eagle."

"Let the Huron *be* a dove in his heart," said Father Jean Laval ere the young Indian could open his lips again; "let him be a dove in purity, in meekness, in piety, in love. Let him be the eagle of his tribe when he battles in a just and lawful cause!"

"My father has spoken well," replied the chief, in a changed and softened tone.

"Yes, my dear children, your first duty is to God, the great Spirit; your next is to your neighbor. The good Spirit created you and all men to love him and serve him, and he commands you to love one another, even your enemies, to do good to those that hate you. If the Iroquois is fierce and bad, pity him, and pray that he may become better, that he may listen to the messengers of Christ. If you hate the Iroquois, in what are you better than he?"

"It is good," said Ahasistari, "it is like a God to forgive."

And then Father Laval proceeded to inculcate upon his hearers the virtues which were necessary to, and which

adorned the Christian, showing how the principles of religion were entwined around all the ties of life, and how they were connected with, and ruled every circumstance of our mortal existence. He instructed them in the rules which should govern them in their intercourse with all men, and the charity so sublime and superhuman which they should cultivate in their hearts. Thus seizing every word and every trifling circumstance, he made them the occasion and the vehicle of useful instruction, and the means of initiating them into the spirit and practice as well as the doctrines of the Catholic church.

Occasionally, to relieve their minds and to break the continuous length of his instructions, he would interpose a prayer, and occupy himself in teaching them the responses to the litanies and the prayers of the rosary. They listened with docility, and learned with quickness the portions assigned to them, and the warriors seemed to vie with each other in acquiring that great and supereminent knowledge which the father of the black gown dispensed to them. Thrice a day, morning, noon, and night, the Jesuit and René Bourdoise the novice, in accordance with their previously adopted resolution, recited the rosary to procure, through the intercession of the mother of God, the blessings of heaven upon their mission. Ahasistari and the Catholic Indians joined in the responses with devoutness, and seemed never to weary under their labors while thus cheered with the refreshing dew of prayer.

In this pious occupation, the day passed pleasantly and quickly round. Father Laval, each time they landed to prepare their frugal repasts, assembled the whole party around him, gave them a short instruction, and, having blessed their food, sat down upon the grass with them, and shared their frugal fare.

As night approached, Ahasistari began to look about for a convenient spot to bivouac upon, and at length selected a beautiful and secluded indenture in the river banks, shaded by lofty trees, and protected and rendered almost impenetrable from the land by the thick undergrowth, reaching some distance back from the shore. Here they landed, and, drawing up their canoes upon the bank, prepared to pass the night upon the spot. After their evening meal had been despatched, Father Laval was about to commence an instruction or exhortation to his companions, when Ahasistari approached him respectfully, and said:

"My father, the Mohawk may be abroad; his ear is quick!"

"Perhaps it is better," said Father Laval, carrying out the thought of the other, without replying directly to his words; "my children, meditate, in silence, on what you have been taught this day, and pray to God for protection, invoking the intercession of Mary, our holy Mother."

Wrapping themselves in their blankets, after bending their knees in silent prayer, the Indians stretched themselves upon the watchful sleep of men accustomed to ground, and soon sunk into the light and snatch their repose in the midst of danger The Jesuit and René Bourdoise did not so easily betake themselves to slumber. For the novice especially was it a situation calculated to drive sleep from his eyelids until nature should sink into unconsciousness from exhaustion. As he lay wakeful and apprehensive, he turned his eye frequently upon the form of Ahasistari, which, in the indistinct light, was barely discernible to the steady gaze. Occasionally a bright gleam from the expiring embers would lighten up the picturesque figure of the Indian. The warrior sat at the foot of a tree, resting his head upon his hand in a careless manner, which seemed to the young novice to be the attitude of one wrapt in thought and contemplation. Ahasistari was meditating; but every outward sense was on the alert, eager to catch the slightest sound or motion on the forest or upon the murmuring river. The stars were looking down from heaven sweetly and tenderly, shedding a

dim light upon the moving waters, whose broken surface reflected the countless pencils of light in myriad forms of quivering beauty. The unbroken silence of the forest was distinct and clear from the murmuring of the waters on the shore with that distinctness which the listening ear, hanging over the crystal wave, can judge between the stillness and quiescence of the solemn grove and the sweet low music of the living stream. The air was mild and calm. It was a night to worship God in.

The hours passed, and the motionless form of the watching Indian seemed to the dull and closing eye of the novice to swell into gigantic size, and then to shrink and fade away to nothingness, until, in the imperceptible sinking of his senses under fatigue and slumber, the beauteous scene around him passed from before his closed orbs, and his spirit began to wander in the sunny fields of his own dear France. How long he slept he knew not, but he was at length aroused by the hand of the Indian upon his shoulder. It was not yet day, but every preparation had already been made to depart, and the kindness of the chief had permitted the young man to enjoy unbroken, until the last moment, the deep and refreshing slumber which had wrapped his senses. Leaping up from his hard couch, the young novice performed his morning devotions, and, having made his ablution in the running waters, was ready to take his seat in the canoe the moment it was launched. Father Laval had resolved that René Bourdoise and himself should occupy different canoes during the rest of the voyage in order that the young man might be employed as well as himself in instructing the catechumens, of whom, as we have already said, there was a number not yet fully prepared, scattered throughout the fleet. In a few moments the dark forms of the canoes shot out from the banks of the river, keeping within the verge of the heavy shadows of the overhanging woods, and pursuing their course rapidly and silently towards the new fort of Montreal. Ere the day dawned, they had proceeded many miles upon their journey, when, striking deeper into the current, the canoes drew out in a more extended line, and continued on their course.

TO BE CONTINUED.

IRRESOLUTION.

BY ROBERT R. J. PRICE.

On the ocean's broad deep a fair vessel see;
Fresh breezes attend her, and, prosperous, free,
Gallantly spreads she her colors on high,
As a giant queen in her majesty!
Changed is the scene! Hark! the storm spirit's voice
Exults as he bids his wild chorus rejoice;
For on hidden rocks is she tempest-tost,
And shattered and sunken—a wreck—is lost!

Thus irresolution his false light sways,
Bewildering—dazzling—with error's rays,
Till the spell-bound wanderer, downward hurled,
'Mid the eddies of doubt for aye is whirled!
A thousand shapes this subtle Proteus takes,—
A varied home in various hearts he makes,
And though, like the serpent, each spot, each stain
He change, yet the venom will still remain!

From the darksome abyss where TRUTH, unbid,
Unsought and uncared for, hath long been hid,
Some venturous seeker that form may raise
In purity bright as in bygone days:
At his call obedient the spirit stands,
And heavenward points with uplifted hands:
But, appalled at the sight, now he doubts,—now fears,
Irresolute, wavers—*and truth disappears.*

SKETCH OF MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

NEAR EMMITSBURG, MD.

THE Rev. John Dubois, late bishop of New York, was the founder of Mount St. Mary's College. In a farm house about half a mile below the site of the college, and belonging to one of the Elders, the original settlers of this part of Frederick county, Md., the divine mysteries had been celebrated for nearly a century before the present church of Mt. St. Mary's was built. From the year 1794 until 1808, Mr. Dubois was stationed at Frederick, and once a month offered up mass in this simple domestic chapel, which yet remains, and was then attached to the house of Aloysius Elder. While engaged in building Mt. St. Mary's church, Mr. Dubois conceived the project of establishing in its immediate vicinity a school for the purpose of educating youth in knowledge and piety, and train-

ing up such, as should have a vocation to the priesthood, in the virtues and acquirements necessary for that holy state. For this purpose he purchased a log house and some ground near the church. The spot which he selected was remarkable only for its pure and healthy air, its copious spring of unrivalled water, and the wild grandeur of its mountain scenery.

As early as the summer of 1806, a school for young ecclesiastics preparatory to St. Mary's seminary at Baltimore, had been commenced at Pigeon Hills in Pennsylvania by the Rev. gentlemen of the society of St. Sulpice. But their venerable and saintly superior, Rev. Mr. Nagot, unable to devote his personal attention to this little nursery, transferred it to Mount St. Mary's, and confided it to the guardianship of Mr. Dubois, who had been associated with the Sulpicians by the superior general, Mr. Emery, with the consent of Messrs. Nagot and Dubourg. Mr. Dubois was desirous of acquiring the farm now belonging to the college, and in the summer of 1809, Mr. Dubourg, with other reverend gentlemen from the seminary of Baltimore, being on the spot, it was purchased from the lady who owned it for a large annuity, which she continued to enjoy to a very good old age.

The little school was kept for a time in a small brick house, which the Catholics of the neighborhood had built with a view of using it as a church. This house is still standing about three quarters of a mile from the present college. The log house near the church was occupied by Mr. Dubois himself, with some of his pupils and teachers.

The establishment of the Sisters of Charity at St. Joseph's, near Emmitsburg, was commenced soon after the beginning of Mt. St. Mary's. Their farm was bought of Robert Fleming by Rev. Mr. Dubourg some time in the spring of 1809; but, as they could not get immediate possession of it, Mrs. Seton and her first companions dwelt for a time in the log house just referred to, and which had been vacated by Mr. Dubois as soon as he had erected his first buildings at the base of the hill. The site of this interesting edifice (for the decayed and ruinous tenement was some years ago removed) is still pointed out with pious gratitude and veneration, as the spot where stood the cradle both of Mt. St. Mary's and St. Joseph's.

Mr. Dubois, who loved an elevated site, commanding an extensive prospect, intended at first to build on the brow of the hill, a short distance in front of the church, and he had prepared the ground for the purpose; but he was wisely persuaded by Mr. Dubourg to choose the better site below, where he would have command of the ample supply of water from the spring; and, like a ship in a snug harbor, be protected by the mountain both on the north and west from the winds of winter. For several years he was occupied in erecting his two rows of log buildings in the midst of a dense thicket and on the margin of an almost impassable swamp. A clearing was made to the south by cutting away the forest trees; but for several years their stumps remained to decorate the college play-ground. Farther south a garden was prepared, and an orchard planted. A large amount of money and labor was expended in breaking these grounds into terraces, levelling them, freeing them from rocks and stones, and otherwise improving them. Of the two rows of log buildings, which were begun in 1808 and extended at intervals, until they were capable of accommodating quite a numerous school, a part only of the front or southern row now remains, and that, too, is destined in the course of time to disappear, being constructed of perishable materials.

In a memorandum left by Bishop Bruté, it is stated that sixteen youths supposed to be candidates for the holy ministry were brought from Pigeon Hills, and put under the care of Mr. Dubois, of whom only one, however, was afterwards promoted to holy orders. This transfer took place after Easter in 1809. The number of pupils was swelled by accessions chiefly from

the neighborhood and the city of Baltimore. In the summer of 1810 it had risen to forty; in the following summer it was more than sixty; in 1813 it was nearly eighty. The terms for board, tuition and washing were at first eighty-five, then one hundred, and soon again one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Many, however, were admitted on reduced terms, and some paid nothing. A horse was paid for the entire education of one; a slave for another; and five hundred dollars worth of grain for a third. Sometimes the seminary assumed the appearance of a manual labor school, when the older pupils and their teachers gathered in the harvests of the farm, or labored, with their venerated president at their head, in clearing, leveling and improving the grounds about their college. This was generally, however, regarded as recreation, and sweetened by many an artifice, which the good old gentleman knew how to employ, in order to convert toil into pastime.

As the original object of the institution was ecclesiastical education, none but Catholics were at first received. A few Protestants, however, were soon added to their number at the earnest entreaty of their parents, and with the express understanding that they were to be trained as Catholic children, and to comply with all the obligations of the Catholic religion. Other Protestant youths were subsequently admitted, with no other condition than that of conformity to the rules and daily exercises of the school.

The Rev. Charles Duhamel, a venerable and most edifying clergyman, who had labored zealously for the salvation of souls in French Guiana and the island of St. Croix, to which he was banished, came from Hagerstown soon after the opening of Mt. St. Mary's seminary, to dwell with its founder; and relieved him of a part of his heavy burthen, by taking charge of the congregation at Emmitsburg. Before Mr. Dubois had secured his co-operation, he was obliged to attend in person the Emmitsburg congregation and that of Mt. St. Mary's on alternate Sundays. On the Sundays which he gave to the former place, his little troop of boys was guided by their prefects and teachers to the village church, a distance of two miles, and took their places on the benches immediately before its narrow sanctuary. The Sisters of Charity attended mass, and constituted the choir on Sundays and festivals at one or the other of the two churches. At the mountain church, one of their number presided at the organ, as soon as an organ had been procured, and for many years a separate place was reserved for them and their scholars.

Mr. Dubois was obliged from the beginning to employ one or more salaried teachers. His best assistants were, however, soon drawn from the number of his own pupils. Among these we need not hesitate to name the Rev. Roger Smith, afterwards attached to the cathedral, and the Rev. Nicholas Kerny, pastor of St. Patrick's church, Baltimore—men whose names are still dear to the poor of that city, and venerated by all who knew them; the Rev. Alexius Elder, of St. Mary's college, Baltimore; the Rev. John Hickey, long superior of the Sisters of Charity and pastor of Emmitsburg, and now assistant at the cathedral in Baltimore; and the Rev. George Elder and William Byrne, respectively the founders of St. Joseph's college at Bardstown and St. Mary's college at Lebanon, in the state of Kentucky. In the Rev. Dr. Spalding's "Sketches of the early Catholic missions in Kentucky," there is a most interesting notice of the lives and labors of these two remarkable men, the pioneers of education in the west. Had Mt. St. Mary's borne no other fruits, still Mr. Dubois would have proved himself a most efficient benefactor of our country and religion.

The course of studies pursued in the seminary during those early years was necessarily very limited. In the year 1813, besides classes of reading, English grammar, writing, geography, and practical

arithmetic, there were two classes of French taught by the president and Mr. Bruté; five classes of Latin, the most advanced, composed of twelve scholars, translating Sallust and Virgil; two classes of Greek; a class of rational arithmetic; one of algebra, and one of geometry. Some few of the pupils, however, and most of the teachers were pursuing higher studies, which are not classified on the list that has been preserved. A course of rhetoric, and one of logic, ethics and metaphysics were soon afterwards introduced. Latin, the language of the church, was always taught, and nearly all the pupils were required to learn it. Greek was taught from 1810, though few as yet applied to the study of it.

As the original design of Mt. St. Mary's seminary was to prepare young men for the study of theology, those of the students who gave evidence of a true vocation, were transferred to St. Mary's seminary at Baltimore, as soon as their preparatory studies were completed. So eager was Mr. Dubois to supply that great want of our country—a body of educated and edifying priests,—so improvident almost in the liberality with which he opened the doors of his humble institution to all who longed to devote themselves to the work of the holy ministry, that he furnished from year to year a considerable number of ecclesiastical candidates, most of whom have since become ornaments of the sanctuary, to which, in all probability, they never would have been admitted, but for the little nursery then established near Emmitsburg. When it is remembered that Mr. Dubois came from Frederick penniless; that all his property was acquired on credit; that he was continually making expensive improvements—and when it is added that he was frequently imposed upon in his dealings with others; that his accounts were not strictly kept, and that however poor and straitened, he could never turn a deaf ear to the cry of want, and did not hesitate even out of his own poverty to aid other meritorious undertakings, we can not be surprised that he should soon find himself embarrassed and almost overwhelmed by pecuniary difficulties. Still he struggled on with his characteristic energy and perseverance, with a noble self-sacrificing devotion to his good cause, and with a firm reliance on the protection of God. He was cheered, too, by the visits and aided and encouraged by the friendly counsels of the first archbishop of Baltimore, of the sweet and saintly Cheverus, and of Mr. Dubourg, afterwards bishop of New Orleans, and then of Montauban in France—the prime mover in many of the greatest works that have been undertaken in this country for the promotion of education and religion. Yet, in spite of friendly counsels and encouragements, the success of his enterprise was continually jeoparded by want of pecuniary means and an ever increasing weight of debt. And so disheartening at times was the prospect before him, that he would probably have relinquished his great design and returned to the ordinary labors of the mission, had it not been for the consolation and support derived from the friendship and co-operation of him, who was justly styled "the angel guardian of the mountain."

Mr. Bruté, the sainted bishop of Vincennes, was from an early period the chief fellow-laborer of Mr. Dubois—the faithful partner of all his cares, and toils, and sacrifices. Whether residing at Baltimore or at the mountain, he felt the liveliest interest in the welfare of the rising institution. When at liberty to do so, he devoted all his time and talents to further its prosperity. Without his assistance, it was impossible that the great works for the promotion of religion, education and charity commenced in the neighborhood of Emmitsburg should have been successfully carried on. In June, 1818, he retired from St. Mary's college, Baltimore, of which he had been for some years president, and from that time until the autumn of 1834, Mt. St. Mary's was the theatre of his labors, talents and virtues. In a former number of this Magazine a

sketch has been given of the character and eminent services to religion of this great and good man. Soon after his arrival, the seminary became a school of divinity, as well as of philosophy and humanities. Mr. Bruté taught the class of theology, and lectured on sacred Scripture until his elevation to the episcopacy. And although he had always other and most arduous duties to discharge, which alone would have occupied all the attention of any ordinary man, for he was several years pastor of Emmitsburg, and during the whole time, or nearly the whole time, confessor to the growing community of the Sisters of Charity, still the zeal, ability and learning, which he brought to the fulfilment of his sacred charge, could not well be surpassed; his lessons of heavenly wisdom and piety, illustrated and enforced by his own example, were irresistible in their effects, and all his efforts were crowned with such fruits of success as have seldom blessed the labors of any other man. Yet, in addition to these varied occupations, he almost always taught one or two other classes in the college. He was long professor of moral philosophy and logic; he frequently gave lessons in French, in geography, and in natural philosophy. His private library, an exceedingly select and valuable collection of books, amounting to nearly five thousand volumes, was at the use of the institution, and he was ever ready to direct the reading, and assist the researches of the youthful students.

The school in the meantime had risen in numbers, in character and efficiency. Mr. Dubois and Mr. Bruté had by their own labor and care formed excellent teachers: others trained in the schools of Europe were associated to these; and two, who had graduated at Georgetown College were eminently serviceable. One of these, the Rev. James Lynch, had left the noviciate of the Society of Jesus on account of delicate health. He was a man of keen wit, but of the blandest manners and the kindest heart: ordained at the mountain, he was a most edifying priest, and an excellent professor of mathematics. He died young, and was buried in the college cemetery, regretted by all who knew him. Of the Rev. James Smith we may also speak with freedom; for he too is numbered with the dead. He was a man of large frame and rather ungainly figure; something of a hypochondriac, warm tempered, but warm hearted too, and a model of ecclesiastical virtue and piety. Though eloquent in nothing else, he was eloquent in the praise of the Greek language. He had learned it under Dr. Moore, the author of a Latin-Greek Grammar, which, though unfinished, is one of the best works on the subject. Mr. Smith would teach no other grammar but this, though he had to dictate it to his pupils. No one who studied Homer or Demosthenes at Mt. St. Mary's in those days will ever forget Professor Smith. He was afterwards a pious and zealous missionary in the diocess of Philadelphia, and died on a voyage to Europe, undertaken for the benefit of his declining health. Rev. Mr. Schreiber and Rev. Mr. Gildea, whose loss is still bewailed by the Catholic community of Baltimore, were on the list of students during the times of which we speak, and with them many eminent clergymen, who have either gone to their eternal reward, or live to spread the blessings of religion throughout the land. Five of the bishops, who constitute the present hierarchy of the United States, were then studying in the log buildings of Mt. St. Mary's.

The character of Mr. Dubois, the founder and first president of Mt. St. Mary's College, has already been sketched in the pages of this Magazine. He was respected and loved by his teachers and pupils. He was dignified, without being distant; always kind and amiable, yet firm in exacting diligence and maintaining discipline. He took evident pleasure in applauding and rewarding. He always carried with him the admiration and affections of those about him. His indefatiga-

ble labors, and the difficulties which he overcame, are attested by the monuments which he has left. His best powers of mind and body were worn out in the service of God and of souls, before he was appointed bishop of New York. To exhibit his zeal for the religious and moral education of those committed to his care, we think it best to extract a passage from his funeral eulogium, delivered by one who was educated by him.

"He selected the retired site of his college, then much more difficult of access than it is at present, partly from the considerations of health and of the importance of a vigorous development of mind and body; but still more in the hope of shutting out the demon of worldly dissipation and the seductions of vicious example. He knew that piety is the safe-guard and ornament of every state of life, that 'it has the promises of the life that now is and of that which is to come.' He knew that without piety there can be no solid virtue, religion being the only foundation on which the moral edifice can be securely erected. He therefore made piety the basis of his system." . . . "Knowing that the first fruits of life, even its opening buds and vernal flowers, are the most acceptable present to heaven, he was peculiarly careful to secure the offering of the youthful heart to God. Who, that ever witnessed it, can forget his mode of preparing children for their first communion and rendering the impressions of that happy day, on which they first opened their hearts to let the King of glory in, decisive of their destiny for life? What eye was tearless, when the sweet voice of childhood's piety was heard reciting that beautiful act of atonement and consecration of the soul to God, which he prepared for this interesting occasion? What heart so hardened, that it was not moved, when this venerable priest addressed his simple, pious persuasive exhortations to the children, who listened to his words, as they would have listened to the voice of an angel, and, like little angels themselves, knelt before the table of the Lord, that they might receive the bread of angels from his hands? . . . . .

"Anxious to neglect no means of inspiring and preserving youthful piety, he was particularly eager to infuse into the young breast his own tender devotion to the mother of God. To her he dedicated his church, his college and his seminary. To her honor his labors and his life were devoted: and beautiful were the lessons, which he taught by word and example, of respect for the exalted virtues, and prerogatives of our most Blessed Lady,—of love for this purest and most tender of mothers, of confidence in the intercession of our most powerful advocate and protectress."

They who have passed with credit to themselves through the course of studies and discipline in a well regulated college are sure to retain a strong attachment to their "alma mater." This must be peculiarly the case in regard to a Catholic institution in which president, professors, and pupils constitute in a great degree but one numerous family; in which those who impart instruction and exercise authority devote themselves unreservedly to the supervision, improvement, and welfare, both temporal and eternal, of their interesting charge. From what has been already stated, it may easily be inferred that the alumni of Mt. St. Mary's have ever been remarkable for their affection and devotion towards their alma mater. Parents, too, grateful for the benefits conferred upon their children, have often manifested the liveliest interest in the prosperity of the institution in which they saw their fond hopes realized. Among the distinguished friends of Mr. Dubois, no one was more zealous for the success of the rising seminary than the late General Harper of Baltimore. He not only improved and encouraged the undertaking, but in various ways lent efficient aid in its prosecution.

In the spring of 1824 a handsome edifice of hammered stone, three stories high, ninety-five by forty-five feet in extent,

was on the point of completion. It was destroyed by fire on the night of the 6th of June, whether accidentally or by an incendiary was never clearly ascertained, though the latter supposition was almost universal at the time. While the flames were yet raging, Mr. Dubois determined to erect another of still larger dimensions. He succeeded in spite of obstacles apparently insurmountable. The people of Emmitsburg and of the neighborhood generally came to his aid. Religious distinctions were forgotten in the generous feelings of sympathy and gratitude. Subscriptions were taken up in various places, not enough by one half to cover the loss sustained, but enough to give encouragement and confidence. In the summer of 1826, the founder and first president of Mt. St. Mary's took possession of the new building, and opened the course of studies for the scholastic year. In the meantime, however, he had been appointed bishop of New York.

His successor was the Rev. Michael De Bourgo Egan. No man could have been found more worthy to take the place of Mr. Dubois. Nephew of the first bishop of Philadelphia, Mr. Egan had been brought up from his childhood at Mt. St. Mary's. From his earliest years he was a model of piety. In the seminary he set an example by which all who were eager to acquire the spirit of a perfect ecclesiastic might safely regulate their conduct. Though his constitution was feeble, and he showed at an early age symptoms of that disease of the heart which carried him off in the flower of his youth, yet he had succeeded admirably in classical and theological studies. Fond of promoting in others the piety which he cultivated so carefully in himself, he had founded, while a seminarian, that society in honor of the Blessed Virgin, which has flourished ever since in the college, and on which the present sovereign pontiff has set the seal of his blessing and approbation. The character of this second president of the college was gentleness itself: yet he was always clear-sighted, prudent, and decided. Discipline was well maintained by him, and the number of students rapidly increased. But his health was failing: a voyage and the genial clime of Italy might restore it. He reached the eternal city, and spent some months amid all that is most attractive to the scholar and the Christian. But, deriving no benefit from the change, he longed to finish his days at his beloved mountain. In this too he was disappointed. He died at Marseilles in France, and his death was regarded as a calamity to the college, and a loss to the American church.

In the year 1830, while the Rev. John B. Purcell, now bishop of Cincinnati, was president of Mt. St. Mary's seminary, it was chartered by the legislature and raised to the rank and invested with the powers and privileges of a college. An extensive and costly apparatus of philosophical instruments was imported from France, and natural philosophy and chemistry became an established part of the academic course. Its annual commencements have since been held with considerable eclat on the last Wednesday in June, and are attended by an annually increasing concourse of respectable visiters from various parts of the country.

The connection of the institution with the Society of St. Sulpice was terminated during the administration of Mr. Dubois. The church of the seminary and congregation has been greatly enlarged; a private chapel has been annexed to the college, and a new building, ninety-five by sixty feet, and four stories high, has been occupied by the students since August, 1844. The average number of students for many years past has been about one hundred, exclusive of those who are pursuing an ecclesiastical vocation: the average number of these may be put down at twenty-four.

With more leisure, the writer of these notes might collect much more information respecting the mountain, and present it in a more attractive form to the read-

ers of the Catholic Magazine. He has dwelt chiefly on the early history of the college, and whenever he has paused to pay a just tribute of respect and gratitude, he has paid it to the dead. He could not speak with equal freedom of those who have more recently contributed to the prosperity and credit of the college, and of the many who, in the various walks of life which they adorn, reflect honor on the institution to which they owe their education.

AN INGENIOUS PIECE OF CHARITY.

A POOR widow of Rome, mother of an only daughter both young and handsome, got her living by her own and her daughter's labor, and rubbed on poorly, but yet honestly. Now it happened that this widow falling sick, and her daughter having enough to do in attending her, their work went on so faintly, and their gains came in so slowly, that at her recovery she found her purse as much exhausted as her person had been. Whereupon being called on for the quarter's rent for her chamber, and not knowing what to do, she was advised by her confessor to go to Cardinal Montalto (who gave public audience thrice a week to all the poor in Rome), and to beg as much of him as would pay her little debt. Pressed, therefore, by her great necessity, and, emboldened by the fame of the charity of this good cardinal, she entered the palace, and found him in his great hall, giving ear and alms to all that could give a satisfactory account of their wants. In her turn, she and her young daughter approached, and, expressing modestly her wants caused by her three months' sickness, she humbly besought his eminence to bestow *five crowns* to pay the rent due for her chamber, and thus pacify her landlord, who otherwise threatened to put her out of doors. The cardinal observing as much modesty in her looks as sickness in her countenance, and liking well that she did not go about to frighten him into charity by urging the danger of being forced at length to expose her daughter's virtue (a common rhetorical figure of beggars in all countries), wrote down on a little paper, "*fifty crowns to be given to the bearer,*" and, folding it up, desired it to be presented to his steward below at the entrance of the palace. She did so with humble prayers of thankfulness, when the steward counted out fifty crowns, and begged her to sign a receipt. The poor woman seeing *fifty* crowns counted out for her when she had asked but for five, and fearing that the steward might have some improper design on her handsome daughter, told him smartly that, though she was poor, she was honest, and that she scorned any such corruption or bribery. The faithful steward civilly replied that he did not understand her words.

"Nor I your deeds," said she; "I asked the cardinal for five crowns: he granted my request; why then did you offer me fifty?"

To show his innocence, the steward showed his master's written order for fifty crowns.

"Then your master's hand," said she, "in a hurry, outshot his intention. I asked him for five crowns, and more in conscience I can not take."

The steward, though he knew his master's generosity, yet to remove all scruples from the poor woman, locked up his money and papers, and desired her to re-

turn with him to the cardinal to clear up the doubt. The cardinal, on hearing from him the whole of what had passed, and of her fear that he had committed an error in writing fifty crowns for five, said:

"It is true; my hand was mistaken indeed;" and, taking up his pen as if to correct the mistake, he put in another cipher, and so made it five hundred crowns, and now reading it aloud to the steward and the poor woman, commanded the latter to portion her daughter with that money, and, if it were not enough, to come to him again and he would make it up. A true Roman charity.—*Weekly Instructor.*

EDIFYING TRAITS.

FRANCIS of Sales conducted himself with such sweetness towards all, that, without any violence, he carried every thing his own way, and accomplished all that he desired; and he accomplished it in a manner at once so gentle, and, at the same time, so overcoming, that no one could resist the force of his persuasions; and it was sufficient for any one to look but at his countenance to become his captive, and that, too, without perceiving it. He treated all with respect, affectionately received all, and endeavored to please all, with great sweetness and cordiality. And this gave him such a power and influence over hearts, that all yielded him the most perfect compliance. And as he sought to accommodate himself to all, and render himself all to all, so all willingly accomplished his desires, which had no other view than to see all men devoted to the divine service, and placed in the way of salvation.—*W. Instructor.*

A certain physiognomist, having studied the countenance of Socrates, declared him to be a man inclined to sin against chastity, to gluttony, drunkenness, and many other vices. Upon which his disciples were so enraged at the physiognomist that they were on the point of beating him. But Socrates said: "Be quiet, for this man has said the truth, and I should have been exactly what he declares, if I had not constantly practised mortification."

An aged monk being once asked how he could endure the loud laughing and noisy mirth of some young shepherd lads, who were standing near to him, replied: "I intended to say something to them; but afterwards I thought better of it, and I said to myself; if I can not bear this trifle, how shall I be able to put up with greater troubles when they befall me?"

The same was the constant practice of St. Francis Xavier, whose maxim it was: "We must not deceive ourselves, for he that overcometh not himself in little matters will not be able to do so in great things."—*Maxims of the Saints.*

MORAL SENTENCES.

WE would only give ourselves half an hour's serious reflection at the close of every day, we should preach to ourselves seven of the best sermons that could be uttered every week.

Silence is the best remedy for anger: if you say nothing, you will have nothing to unsay.

They who will abandon a friend for one error know but little of the human character, and prove that their hearts are as cold as their judgments are weak.

He must know little of the world, and still less of his own heart, who is not

aware how difficult it is, amidst the corrupting examples with which it abounds, to maintain the spirit of devotion unimpaired, or to preserve in their due force and delicacy those vivid moral impressions, that quick perception of good, and instinctive abhorrence of evil, which form the chief characteristics of a pure and elevated mind. These, like the morning dew, are easily brushed off in the collisions of worldly interest, or exhaled by the meridian sun. Hence the necessity of frequent intervals of *retirement*—when the mind may recover its scattered powers, and renew its strength by a devout application to the fountain of all grace.

Ridicule.—The fatal fondness for indulging in a spirit of ridicule, and the injurious and irreparable consequences which sometimes attend the too severe reply, can never be condemned with more severity than it deserves; not to offend is the first step towards pleasing; to give pain is as much an offence against humanity as against good breeding; and surely it is as well to abstain from an action because it is sinful, as because it is impolite.—*W. Instructor.*

THE NEW YEAR.

HARK! how the merry bells from every steeple
Sound the glad new year's tidings, while the air,
Freed from nocturnal mischief by the sound,
And pure as breath of heaven, seems to echo
From every rock and dell, and leafless wood,
The faint response of this sweet sonnerie.
The minstrel chorus, with tuneful pipe,
The gay guitar, with sweetly mellow lute,
And lyre more clear than Phœbus ever strung,
By their rathe wakes now scare the spirits of night,
And make e'en wintry darkness safe as day.
That spreads her black couch for the newborn year,
In joyous lively sweet expectancy.
Our altars now are lighted, at each shrine
A taper burns to every patron saint,
And every story-painted window dim
Can tell its saintly tales in colored scenes,
Waiting the octave of that holy dawn,
When on the darkness of the long-lost world
Th' effulgent light of heaven again was shed.
All night we keep our watches, but, ah! now
Another year rolls round life's airy spiral,
And bears us closer to the fearful verge.
When we no more can make the annual rounds
Lesser and less towards the top, and then
We fall to right or left. O, holy angels,
My constant guard, protect my waning days,
For every new year's chime's an annual clock,
That says, thou hastenest to eternity. *Ibid.*

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

RUSSIA—*The Nuns of Minsk.*—No event of the past year has created so deep a sensation in the Catholic world, or such unmingled disgust for the character of the Emperor Nicholas and his minions, as the cruelty and barbarity practised upon the sainted nuns of the convent of Minsk. We condense from the London Tablet an extract which is there given on this subject from a new work entitled, "Eastern Europe and the Emperor Nicholas." The nuns of Minsk were of the order of St. Basilius, and their offices of piety and other duties were very similar to those of our "Sisters of Charity." The suffering and needy had learned to bless their benevolence and venerate their character. So extensively were they beloved, that they were considered a fit mark for the persecution of the oppressors of their faith. The cruelties of Nero, the horrors of the French revolution did not surpass in barbarity the torments practised on these holy and harmless ladies, and but for the providential escape of four of their number, all the details of their sufferings might have remained for ever unknown.

Between 1837 and 1845, forty-four out of fifty-eight of these holy nuns perished at the hands of Russian despotism. Of the fourteen that remained, eight had either their eyes torn out or their limbs broken; of the other six four only had strength to effect their escape. The ten unhappy ladies left behind, blind, lamed, and ailing as they are, are expiring on that weary road that leads to Siberia. Of the four fugitives, the Sister Wawrzecka and Irene Macrina Miceslas succeeded in reaching Prussian Poland, where the archbishop of Posen, having taken down their circumstantial deposition, forwarded it to Rome. An order consequently arrived calling the superior to Rome by way of Paris, in which last city she remained till the 10th of October last. Here she was led to give the sad details of her story, whilst her scars added their dumb eloquence to its recital.

Irene Miceslas had been thirty years head of the Basilian convent. The aspect of her countenance, according to a portrait which the writer has, is noble and determined.

Her narrative, minutely corroborated by the other three sisters, is to the following effect. Semiasko, the bishop of the diocess in which these saintly nuns lived, had apostatized to the Greek schismatic from the Latin church: the great mass of the clergy and laity refused to follow the example of their chiefs; Nicholas, to coerce them, set on foot a religious persecution, which caused great alarm to the females of this pious association, and induced them to seek, by the influence of their friends in the Russian capital, to be allowed to retire from their convent to the bosoms of their families.

This boon was refused, and the emperor referred them to their apostate bishop. Siemasko in vain used all his persuasions to allure them to the Russian church—showed them the threats and promises of Nicholas, and the awful signature giving him all power over them. Finding them firm in their faith, he gave them three months to consider the matter, at the same time detaching from his breast one of the orders with which the emperor had invested him, and attempting to pin it on the bosom of the superior, holding out the prospect of dazzling rewards. Irene, spurning this temptation, said tauntingly to the bishop: "Keep it, keep it; it would ill accord with the humble cross that marks my order, and with you it serves to hide a breast beneath which beats the heart of an apostate." These nuns were at first fortified in their resolution by their confessor, but he afterwards renounced his faith from the dread of persecution, and was compelled to witness the cruelties they endured. It is probable that remorse drove him to intemperance, and in this condition he fell into a pool of water and was drowned.

Three days after the refusal of the nuns to apostatize, Siemasko came with a body of soldiers to drive them from the convent. Their violence inspired such terror that a sick nun expired on the pavement. The rest were ironed hand and foot, marched to Vitespk, and placed in a Russian convent of "Black Sisters."

Black Sisterhoods are receptacles for the

most disorderly prostitutes. Here the nuns of Minsk met with fourteen more of their order, were chained in couples and mingled with the most depraved characters, and were kept at hard labor for two years. In 1839, their resolution being still unshaken, they were removed to another Black Sisterhood, where they met ten more of their order. The whole number, fifty-seven, were brought up twice a week and flogged before the Russian authorities and clergy; this was continued till their backs were perfectly raw, and three of their number had died from the treatment. They were then fed on salt herrings and refused drink unless they apostatized. This was followed by a system of starvation. They were forced to dig out clay, and five of their number were buried by the falling in of excavated earth. The authorities refused to dig them out, and prevented the surviving nuns from giving them assistance, and they perished in this self-dug grave. The survivors were then placed under masons to aid in building the renegade bishop's palace. Some Polish gentleman passing by, having spoken a word of consolation, disappeared with those around him in twenty-four hours. The falling of a wall wounded many and killed ten of the nuns, whose bodies were carried off by the people and hidden in spite of all efforts to discover them.

Semiasko, determining to conquer their obstinacy, published that they were about to read their recantation, and caused them to be dragged by the soldiery to the portals of the Russian church. The whole population of the city assembled, in spite of the terrible punishment which had been inflicted on those who showed sympathy to the sisters. The apostate bishop spoke to the nuns with paternal kindness, and offered his hand to lead them into the church. Irene Miceslas then, seizing one of the hatchets used by the carpenters who were at work at the church, called out to all her companions to kneel, and speaking to Semiasko, told him "after having been their shepherd, to become the executioner of those whom he had not already killed, and to strike off their heads before that temple, which compulsion alone would make them enter." Unable to contain himself, in his rage, Siemasko struck the superior in the face, and then flung the axe from him. In falling it wounded one of the nuns in the foot—a moment after the superior, putting her hand to her blood-stained mouth, drew out a tooth, and presenting it to him, said: "Take it, it will earn you some fresh honor from the emperor." Such was the effect of this scene, that nothing could restrain the enthusiasm of the people, the crowd followed them singing with one accord alleluias and Te Deums. Such became the feeling of the populace, that it was considered unsafe to continue the persecution within the city, and they were removed to the borough of Medzioly.

Siemasko was so exasperated at this defeat, that his revenge on these saintly women could not be credited but for the most undeniable testimony. When the Russian soldiers and deacons had been made drunk with brandy, these helpless nuns were turned out among them to be treated as they saw fit. Then commenced a scene worthy of pandemonium, the prayers of the victims and the blasphemies of those to whose cruel lust they were abandoned! When the fury of these demons was exhausted, it was discovered that two of the nuns were dead. The temples of one had been crushed by an iron plated heel, and the other was trampled into mud and gore till her human character could scarce be realized. Eight others had their bones broken or their eyes torn out. Of the whole number, the superior was least injured, but was not allowed to assist her companions. With their wounds and blindness fresh upon them, they were marched back to Polok, chained two and two, those with broken legs were placed in carts under the care of Cossacks. Those who showed them the least sympathy were banished to Siberia or dispersed. At Medzioly they were again immured in a Black Sisterhood, and divided into four parties. They were put into sacks and towed after boats in the water. Three more of their number perished in this way of cold and fear, or were drowned. The people carried off their bodies at night as those of holy martyrs. After two years more of captivity, only fourteen remained of fifty-eight nuns; and of these, eight were lame or blind. The superior, Irene Micelas, who had fared the best, had an open wound from which she had herself to extract the carious bones, and which becoming filled with worms for want of dressing, caused her great agony. At length some relaxation of vigilance occurring, this heroic woman persuaded three of her companions to attempt escape. In this enterprise, feeble as they were, they all succeeded without money or passports.

After many sufferings, the Sister Miceslas reached Posen, and was joined by Sister Wawrzecka, and learned that the other two were safe in the Austrian dominions." The editor of the London Tablet gives an account of this noble and saintly lady's progress from Paris to Rome, which evidences the deep sensation which her sufferings have created, and the profound sympathy, veneration, and enthusiasm which her presence every where commands. At Fouviers, the people crowded round her, and begged for bits of her veil. She declined all presents offered to her. All the elite of Lyons waited on her. She refused to go to Montpelier and other cities, because there she was expected, and she would not encounter a prepared reception. On the 27th of October she sailed for Rome: "the other three nuns of Minsk have left Austria for Rome, and there they will be on the 20th. Should the emperor of Russia on that day fulfil his promise of visiting the pope, how will the son of Nero stand before the successor of St. Peter!"

Rome.—*The Russian persecution.*—The following is from the *Univers*:—"We have received letters from Rome, dated the 8th of November. The Abbess Mieczyslowska, was admitted on the day before yesterday into the presence of the holy father. She was accompanied by the Abbe Jelowiecki, her fellow-countryman. Father Rillo, of the company of Jesus, has also been summoned to serve as interpreter, for the venerable nun speaks only Polish and Russian. The holy father was painfully moved while listening to the narrative of the atrocious tortures inflicted in Russia upon those who persevere in adhering to their faith. 'Is it possible,' exclaimed the holy father, 'that for seven years you have had to endure and suffer so much without either myself or any one else having been informed of a word of it!' The abbess is now about sixty-four years of age. Her flight from the convent in which the horrible Siemasko condemned her to the endurance of every sort of torment, is next to a miracle. In spite of her advanced age, in spite of the eager pursuit of the police and the peasants sent on her track, in spite of a deep snow and an immense distance, the mother abbess Mieczyslowska was enabled to gain the frontier, and, martyr to her faith, to serve as a testimony to those who would even still doubt of the systematic persecution and horrible cruelties of the Russian government. The preservation of her life is, in itself, something marvellous. She had her skull broken by a kick from the boot-heal of the apostate Bishop Siemasko. Her feet have become swollen and twisted awry by the heavy chains which she had to trail, and her neck still bears the marks of the cord wherewith her torturers dragged her when they forced her to walk through a lake. She was each day plunged in water until the moment when, thinking all her powers exhausted, her tormentors dragged her back by a hook to replace her in their boat. Because pain prevented her from speaking, the only strength left her on many occasions was to make a negative sign with her finger that she would not become an apostate. Then she was plunged in the water anew. She says that she wrote a petition to the emperor wherein she complained of the tortures inflicted by Siemasko. The emperor, after having read it, sent it back to Siemasko, who rushed, red with anger, to the convent, and there, after a torrent of the grossest indignities, slapped her with the petition and struck her on the face. The holy father hearkened to all these details with tears in his eyes. His holiness gave orders to the Rev. Father Rillo and to the Abbé Jelowiecki to take them down in writing with the most scrupulous care and attention possible. His eminence, the cardinal secretary of state, went to the convent of the Sacre-Cœur to visit the Very Rev. Mother Abbess Mieczyslowska on the very first day of her arrival in Rome. On the ensuing day she received the visit of his eminence the Cardinal Mezzofanti.

Syria.—*Persecution of Catholics.*—The *Ami de la Religion* states that Archbishop Hilliani, of Damascus, is now in France, for the purpose of obtaining from the government some protection for the afflicted and persecuted Catholics of Syria. The archbishop is a native of Damascus. His family was of the highest among the Syrian schismatics of that city. At the age of twenty-seven, he was made archbishop of Damascus. For among the evils which a separation from the centre of unity and ecclesiastical vigor, has entailed on the different schismatical communions of the east, is that of having their bishops selected by family influence and raised to the episcopal dignity at a very immature age. In fact, the patriarchates and higher dignities may be almost said to be in the exclusive possession of certain families. Some time after his elevation to the see of Damascus, Archbishop Hilliani,

was led by the grace of God, and by his studies, to a knowledge of the truth, and sought to be reconciled to the successor of St. Peter. Several other bishops of his communion, and nearly all his flock entered with him the fold of the one, holy, Catholic church. These numerous conversions, it may be supposed, called down upon him the vengeance of the schismatical patriarch of Aleppo, who obtained from the Turkish authorities several *firmans* against the archbishop. He was forced to leave his see, and to reside for many years in Constantinople. At length he succeeded in obtaining from the sultan a *firman*, insuring him protection; and returned to Syria. But it was only to find it torn by wars. In the late outbreaks of the Druses, he suffered under the heavy calamities which befel the entire Christian population. He was selected to proceed to Europe, and to endeavor to obtain, especially from the French government, that efficacious protection in the present emergency which France, for centuries, gloried in extending.

By the by, the continental papers express the deepest indignation at the course pursued by *Colonel Ross*, the English consul at *Beyrouth*, during the late disasters. So far from taking the least step or using any influence in behalf of the Christians, while the Turkish authorities and the Druses combined to slaughter and lay waste, he on the contrary took occasion to manifest publicly and repeatedly his intimacy with the Druse leaders. This conduct was referred to in parliament, when they said that the Christians of Syria had no claim on the sympathies of England, for the Maronites, the chief sufferers among them, were *only Catholics*.

The following letter is from the superior of the Capuchins in Syria, and relates to the recent persecution in that unhappy country.

"I will endeavor to relate to you, though with my tears more than with the pen, the dreadful cruelties of all kinds perpetrated in Syria during the month of May, and particularly in Libanus. Eight days before the occurrence of these evils, Abei was occupied by the Turkish troops, and the commander, instead of endeavoring to repress the disorders, exhibited open hostility to the Maronites and a friendship for the Druses. He took their arms from the Christians, thus depriving them of all means of defence, whilst he provided their enemies with every facility for attack.

"On hearing the intelligence, I returned to Abei from Beyrouth, persuaded that peace would be established. On the contrary, the Druses had determined to destroy the place on the 8th of May. Accordingly, to the number of about two thousand, they entered the village on all sides and took it by surprise, killing all whom they met, and setting fire to the houses of the Christians. Not one escaped. The Maronites defended themselves as well as they could, but, being small in number, they took refuge in the dwelling of a Christian prince, where they still made some resistance. They were obliged to yield at length, and after they had surrendered, the Druses, in the presence of the Turkish officer, murdered them. Another chief, named Hammud Abu-Nachet, followed by these persecutors, attacked the convent of the Capuchins, in which was Father Charles de Lorette. This missionary, at sight of these barbarians, endeavored to escape, but he was followed, and sabre strokes on the head and neck brought him to the ground. His assassins then finished their work with a musket shot, after which they opened the body, and finally burned it. They carried away the sacred vessels belonging to the altar, destroyed the paintings, broke the church clock into fragments, and burned the building. The professor of Arabic, a young Maronite monk, and two scholars aged about twelve years, perished with Father Charles. *The American missionaries have three houses at Abei, which were not molested;* they exhibited the utmost indifference at the disasters of the Catholics.

"In the province of Meten the Druses burned all the houses of the Christians, and sacked our convent at Solima. There is not in all this country, now, a house or a church in which a Catholic can find shelter! The massacre of our people, but particularly of the ecclesiastics, was very great. It is with tears and deepest melancholy of heart that we behold the women and children, who escaped to Beyrouth, suffering from poverty and exposure, while the cruelties which have been perpetrated at Gezin are too full of horror to be repeated. The Druses attacked those places, though soldiers had been stationed there ostensibly to preserve them from violence, but their conduct manifested the true motive, for they would not allow the Christians to defend themselves. The fanatical Druses, emanicipated

from all restraint, committed the most horrible cruelties, killed all the Catholics they met, mutilated and disfigured the young women, cut the throats or strangled babes in the arms of their mothers, and assassinated all the ecclesiastics. They then pillaged the country, in concert with the soldiers of the government, set fire to the houses and churches, and committed to the flames the dead bodies of their victims. All is destroyed—scarcely any thing is left of what belonged to the Christians. We have ascertained thus far the massacre of forty priests and monks, one hundred and twenty churches burned, and two monasteries. The dwelling houses burned or in ruins are almost innumerable. I have been thirty-nine years a missionary in Syria, and in no war against our holy religion have I seen any thing equal to the present calamity."

What other but the true religion can suffer thus in this world? Another letter states that the Methodist missionaries were gazing from their windows on the slaughter of the Catholics. It is also worthy of thought that the arms in the hands of the Druses were of English manufacture, and bore the motto and insignia of the British crown. There are few places, at the present day, where the Redeemer's church is not made like unto him, in suffering from the persecution of the sword or the persecution of calumny. These persecutions have been foretold by our Lord, they are the results of the collision between the spirit of the Gospel and the spirit of the world. The condition of our brethren in Syria is now afflicting and melancholy enough; their only hope is from the generosity of the Catholics of Europe, for the Turkish government, like the Massachusetts legislature, will not pay for convents and churches destroyed by a mob. The patriarch, broken-hearted by the murder of his clergy and the dispersion of his spiritual children, died a short time after their bloody persecution.

SWITZERLAND.—From Switzerland we have also accounts of continual trouble, and troops are under arms constantly in the different cantons.

One Muller, who had been arrested for the murder of Leu, the celebrated partisan of the Jesuits, has avowed his guilt. The radical party had always insisted that he had committed suicide, and they are exceedingly mortified at Muller's confession. Some of them, indeed, say that it was extorted from him by violence, and that, therefore, no reliance can be placed upon it; but this is not true. A Captain Vogelin and Dr. Pfyffer are in custody, accused of having been privy to the assassination. The arrest of the latter has created great excitement, as he is much respected, is a member of the grand council, and has been often elected to the diet.

On the 1st instant, the Jesuits were installed with much ceremony at Lucerne.

The subjoined extract is from the correspondent of the Courier des Etats Unis.

"Switzerland is still more agitated than Germany. She seems to have become the classic ground of conspiracies. Letters from Berne announce that important arrests have been made in a small town in the canton of Neufchatel, and that the confessions obtained from those arrested reveal an extensive plot originating in Switzerland from an association known under the title of *Young Germany*. The present centre of the association seems to be the city of Lausanne, but no less than twenty-eight cities are enumerated, and among them Basle, Berne, Zurich, and Geneva, which have lodges of conspirators. The object of the association is to obtain a religious, political, and social reorganization of Germany and Switzerland. Doctrines so extravagant as to become incredible are attributed to these conspirators. The truth is, however, that a journal, considered as the organ of the conspirators, the number of whom in Switzerland alone is said to be twenty-five thousand, has published a funeral oration upon Tshech, the assassin of the king of Prussia, in which are to be found these words: 'Young Germans, God and the immortality of the soul are obsolete phrases; the religion which is preached to you is but smoke. The efforts of Tshech, of heroic memory, were unfortunately without success. But take care of thyself, majesty!' The same paper, whose editor is a man by the name of Marr, declares that '*revenge is an act of natural justice, and that we ought to desire to see great vices and bloody crimes prevail, rather than the virtue that wearies and the obsolete morals that fatigue the people.*'"

ENGLAND.—*New Roman Catholic Cathedral.*—A Roman Catholic cathedral, upon a grand scale, is about to be erected in Liverpool. Its length is to be 460 feet, with two lofty towers and a steeple of great height. It

will stand upon two and a half acres of land. The cost will exceed one hundred thousand pounds. Several subscriptions, of from five hundred to two thousand pounds each, are already spoken of.

Conversions.—The Rev. E. G. Browne, late curate of Bawdsey; Rev. Frederick W. Faber, rector of Elton, with seven of his parishioners, and Thomas Francis Knox, Esq., the Rev. W. N. Richards, Mr. Capes, a brother of Rev. Mr. Capes, Mrs. England, the Rev. R. Coffin, Mr. J. J. Calmun, B. A., Mr. E. E. Welby, M. A., Mr. T. Wood, a barrister, have made public profession of the Catholic faith. Besides these gentlemen, the late arrivals speak of other distinguished personages who have given in their adhesion to the Catholic church. The Church and State Gazette thus gives vent to its disappointment and alarm, and causes us to believe that there are many more converts to our faith than the public have been apprised of.

"*University men at Stonyhurst.*—It has been remarked that several Tractarian members of Oxford are *non inventi* in the university. We have been asked whether they are at Leeds or at Stonyhurst? No doubt the 'rising *alumnus*' of the Jesuit college, whom the *University Review* now repudiates, could enlighten us. For our own parts, we have very little doubt of the missing men being found lurking in Lancashire. Our reason for saying so lies in the fact that a party, who visited Stonyhurst recently, heard from the authorities that, besides Mr. Tickell, there were several university men there, whose names 'were a secret!'"—*Church and State Gazette.*

DOMESTIC.

Archdiocess of Baltimore.—*Religious Profession.*—On the 21st of November, feast of the presentation of the B. Virgin Mary, Sister Mary Baptista (Clinton), Sister Mary Bonaventure, and Sister Mary Isabella, made their religious profession at the Convent of the Visitation, Georgetown, D. C. On the 20th of December the Most Rev. Archbishop presided at the religious profession of Sister Mary Seraphina (Conry), at the Visitation Convent in Baltimore, and admitted to the veil and habit of the order Miss Elenora Billups (Sister Mary Stanislaus), and Miss Mary Davis (Sister Mary Loretto).

Ordination.—On the 14th of December, the Most Rev. Archbishop held an ordination at St. Alphonso's (German) church, Baltimore, and admitted Mr. Francis Anthony Schmid to the sacred tonsure, the minor orders, and the subdeaconship. Mr. Joseph Helmpraechl was ordained subdeacon on the same occasion. On the 17th, these two gentlemen received the order of deaconship, and, on the 21st, they were admitted to the holy order of priesthood.

Circular.—Many complaints, unfortunately too well founded, have been preferred to me, respecting the oppressive and incessant demands made on the Catholics of Maryland and the District of Columbia to aid in the erection of churches and for other pious purposes. While the faithful are free to exercise their liberality as they may think proper, I wish it to be understood that no one, not belonging to the archdiocess, has *my sanction* to call on them for pecuniary contributions, unless it be attested by my hand and seal. Given at Baltimore, December 18th, 1845.

† Samuel, *Archbishop of Baltimore.*

Diocess of Philadelphia.—*Ordination.*—On Saturday, feast of All Saints, tonsure and minor orders were conferred by the bishop in the cathedral on Mr. Michael Malone, a student of the diocesan seminary, and, on the same occasion, Rev. John Walsh of the same institution was promoted to the sacred order of priesthood.

Another.—On Thursday, 18th Dec., tonsure and minor orders were conferred by the bishop after mass, in the cathedral, on Mr. Richard O'Connor, a student of the theological seminary.

On Saturday of quarter tense, Messrs. Richard O'Connor and Michael Malone, of the seminary, were raised to the sacred order of subdeacon. Rev. John Berbigier, a native of France, and adopted for the diocess of Pittsburg, was promoted to deaconship, at the request of the bishop of that diocess.—*Catholic Herald.*

Diocess of New York.—*Departure of Bishop Hughes.*—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Hughes announced to his people, on Sunday, his intention to depart for Europe in the Boston steamer of the 1st December. He accompanies President Harley, of St. John's College, whose impaired and declining health, it is hoped, may be restored by a sea voyage.

While in Europe the bishop intends to make arrangements for the establishment, in New

York, and perhaps in some of the other large cities, hospitals under the auspices of sisters of charity, a class of self-sacrificing almoners of mercy, whose lives are devoted to the care and relief of the homeless and friendless.—*N. Y. Express.*

Diocess of Boston.—*Ordination.*—Mr. Thomas McNulty was raised to the holy order of priesthood in the cathedral of the Holy Cross, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick, on Friday morning.

Confirmation.—The Right Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick administered the sacrament of confirmation to thirty persons at the Catholic church in Waltham on Sunday last.—*Bos. Pilot, Nov.* 22.

Diocess of Charleston.—The Right Rev. Dr. Reynolds, since his return from Europe, has been making an episcopal visitation of his very extensive diocess, and ministering to the spiritual wants of that portion of his flock scattered through the state of N. Carolina.

Spiritual Retreat.—A retreat for the clergy was opened at Charleston on the 10th of December, and closed on the 18th. All were present except three. The bishop presided at the exercises, which were followed with great zeal and piety. Meetings of the clergy were held by the bishop before their departure to their respective missions, and he informed them that the decrees of the several provincial councils of Baltimore would be henceforth considered promulgated in the diocess of Charleston, and that while the "constitution of the Catholic church of S. Carolina" was to be observed by the churches that had formally accepted it, it was not binding on other churches. Measures were taken to make collections for the building of a cathedral and a small seminary, and the attention of the clergy was directed to the support of the diocesan paper, the *U. S. C. Miscellany.* This paper will be edited hereafter by Rev. Richard Baker, the Rev. Dr. Lynch having been appointed to other duties, besides the pastorship of St. Mary's, and requested by the bishop to aid him in preparing for publication the works of the lamented Dr. England. Rev. Dr. Corcoran, second vicar at the cathedral, is professor of dogmatic theology and sacred Scripture in the seminary. Rev. J. P. Dunn is superior of the seminary and assistant in the duties of the cathedral. Rev. Dr. Lynch will give a course of lectures on ecclesiastical history to the students of the seminary.—*Cath. Miscellany.*

Diocess of Mobile.—The *Daily Advertiser* of Mobile, Dec. 9th, contains an interesting statement of the condition of the orphan asylums in that city, and of the expenses incurred during the past year. We gather from it the following particulars.

Receipts of the Asylum during the year ending Dec. 1st, 1845, in cash, $3,231 40; otherwise than cash, $219; total $3,450 40. Expenses, $3,450 40. In this are not included expenses for water and medical attendance, both of which are furnished gratuitously. During the year there were 111 children in the asylum, 13 were placed out as apprentices, and 2 died. Present number in the asylum, 96; highest number at any one time, 99; average number, 95.

By this, it will be seen that, taking the average number of children at 95, and the total expense at $3,450 40, the cost of each child, comprising board, clothing, schooling, washing, nursing, &c., besides insurance and several repairs, amounts for the last 12 months only to $36 32, or $3 02 per month.

Besides the two orphan schools, male and female, the Sisters keep also a free day school for girls, at which, for the last two years, from 40 to 60 children have received gratuitous education.

The account of the lady managers of the asylum is as follows.

December 1*st*, 1845.

Catholic Female Charitable Society,

Dr.	
To funds in Treasury, ...	$ 786 60
To amount of proceeds of last orphan fair, ...	3,508 10
Subscriptions and donations received since, ...	186 75
	$4,481 45

CONTRA—CR.

By amount paid to orphan asylum as per Sisters' account, ...	$2,323 00
For insurance, ...	73 10
For expenses of six Sisters, . . .	300 00
Distributed by relief committee to distressed persons, ...	60 00
Advanced for next fair, ...	452 00
Paid on lot purchased from Mr. P. McLoskey, ...	400 00
In treasury, Dec. 1st. 1845, . .	873 35
	$4,481 45

Most of the amount, $873 35, as reported in the treasury on the 1st inst., has been since appropriated, leaving actually at this date, Dec. 5th, in treasury, only $163 35.

Diocess of New Orleans.—*Ordination.*—On Sunday last, the 7th of December, an ordination took place in the parish church of the Assumption. Bishop Blanc conferred the tonsure on Messrs. Simon Arminger and J. Higgins. The order of subdeacon was at the same time conferred on Messrs. Hyacinth Tumoine, John Flannagan and Jeremiah Monahan, and the holy order of deacon on Mr. Anthony Theves. On Monday, Dec. 8th, the feast of the Conception of the Blessed Virgin, in the same church Bishop Blanc conferred the holy order of priesthood on the last named gentleman.—*Propagateur Catholique.*

Diocess of Louisville.—*Ordination and Confirmation.*—On the 26th of October, at St. Rose's, Ky., the Rt. Rev. Dr. Miles raised to deaconship the Rev. R. A. Clarkson, and the Rev. T. J. Ryan; to subdeaconship, the Rev. J. V. Edelen: Messrs. A. R. Gangloff, J. T. Buchman, and J. A. Kelly received the tonsure and minor orders. These gentlemen are members of the order of St. Dominic.

The number of persons confirmed was 61.

A new Cathedral.—The Right Rev. Bishop Coadjutor, Dr. Chabrat, (who has recently returned from Europe,) in concert with the members of the congregation of the church of St. Louis, has resolved to undertake the erection of a cathedral in Louisville.

The Rev. Father Larkin has commenced the erection of college buildings on the spacious lot which he purchased recently from Mr. Jacob. The edifice will be 196 feet long, and will probably be so far completed next summer, as to be fit for the reception of pupils.—*Cath. Advocate.*

Diocess of St. Louis.—*Consecration.*—The new church of St. Vincent of Paul, situated in Soulard's Addition, South St. Louis, was solemnly consecrated on Sunday last, 16th inst. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Kenrick, attended by Rev. F. Vandevelde, S. J., as assistant priest, and by the Rev. F. Amat and Rev. J. Serretta as deacons, and by a numerous clergy, amongst whom were the Very Rev. A. Martin, V. G., of Vincennes, and Rev. B. Roux, canon of the cathedral, officiated upon that solemn and interesting occasion. The solemn high mass of the dedication was celebrated by the Very Rev. F. Cellini, attended by Rev. F. Amat, as deacon, the Rev. J. Serretta, as subdeacon, the Rt. Rev. bishop officiating pontifically. The consecration sermon was preached to a very large auditory, congregated to witness this most sublime and imposing ceremony.

This new church is a beautiful edifice, and a great ornament to the city.—*C. News Letter.*

Diocess of Chicago.—*Cathedral of St. Mary's, Chicago, Ill.*—This fine new church was solemnly consecrated and dedicated to Almighty God, under the invocation of the B. V. Mary, on Sunday, the 5th ultimo. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Quarter, bishop of the diocess, officiated on the occasion, and delivered the consecrating sermon. The Rev. W. J. Quarter, brother of the bishop, celebrated a solemn high mass.

Ordination.—The Rt. Rev. W. Quarter, bishop of Chicago, held an ordination in his cathedral, on the 8th ultimo, when five seminarians received the ecclesiastical tonsure. Three of these gentlemen were promoted to the minor orders, and two to the order of subdeaconship. On the 17th ult., another seminarian received tonsure and minor orders, and two were ordained subdeacons.

On the 19th, three were raised to the holy order of deaconship; and on the 20th, two of the deacons, Rev. Francis P. Derwin and Rev. Philip Conlan, were ordained priests.—*Ibid.*

The New Year.—The entrance upon a new year is a kind of observatory from which men in general survey the past and the future; the past, to examine what advances have been made in their schemes of real or imaginary happiness; the future, to calculate their further course, and the best means of promoting the ends they have in view. It is this circumstance, together with the uncertainty of human things which it recalls to the mind, that gives an impulse to hope, awakening a universal spirit of mutual felicitation, and causing us to meet on every side with smiling faces and kind words. In the present position of things, there is perhaps more than ordinary cause for extending to each other the wish of happiness and peace. If the ravages of war are not yet witnessed amongst us, we hear at least the rumors of wars, which must grate upon the ears of all the true friends of religion and social order. The angry conflict of nations is a dreadful evil, under any circumstances, even such as render it unavoidable. Even when a people are compelled to rise up in arms for the vindication of their rights, it is a scourge that must bring in its train a vast amount of suffering both public and private,

and so disturb the current of national prosperity as to require many long years to flow away before it can resume its wonted course. Abstracting, however, from the signs of the times, which, it is to be hoped, have been ordained by an all-wise Providence rather to act as an admonitory lesson and to inspire caution, than to portend the calamities of which they are oftentimes the precursors, we have reason to rejoice and be thankful in our existing circumstances, and to anticipate a continuance of the blessings which have been enjoyed during the past year. Peace at home and abroad, a flourishing commerce, a spirit of industry and enterprise are just subjects of mutual congratulation in a public point of view, and the opportunities which individuals possess of realizing happiness in the private circle, are not less worthy of acknowledgment. But, in addition to all this, we may gladly cast our eye upon the prospect of religious affairs, which, untrammelled by political restraints, are left to the success or the failure which their own resources in truth will of themselves bring about. Catholicity is achieving triumphs on every side. While the sects are continually deploring the endless and inevitable divisions among them, which are the necessary consequences of a separation from the parent stock, the Catholic church presents an unbroken front, the glorious effect of her conservative principles of unity, and advances with steady step in the conquest and salvation of souls. In a few months hence, the city of Baltimore will exhibit an imposing evidence of this fact, in the august assembly of bishops who will meet there for the sixth provincial council, more numerously than on any former occasion, nine prelates having been consecrated within the last three years. All these considerations may well inspire us with joy, and awaken the anticipation of numerous and signal blessings during the year which has just commenced. It is for those whose lot has been cast under such circumstances to receive these blessings with grateful acknowledgment, and to turn them, each one in his own particular sphere, to the great ends of social and domestic happiness. Among the means which are exerted in order to promote these desirable objects, the influence of the press holds a conspicuous rank. To impart wholesome knowledge, to encourage virtue, the basis of true happiness, and to censure vice, its uncompromising enemy, to diffuse those sound principles which will lead men to a proper estimate and a wise administration of the blessings dispensed by heaven, ought to be the pole-star of a periodical publication, and of the press in general. We shall not lose sight of this responsible relation in which we stand with the community, and, in entering upon another year of labor in the good cause, it only remains for us to extend to our patrons, and our fellow-citizens at large, those cordial wishes for their happiness which the season suggests. We wish them a HAPPY NEW YEAR in the highest and fullest sense of the term.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS.—We acknowledge, with many thanks, the reception of the following papers.

1. *The Sybil*, a review of D'Israeli's work bearing the same title.

2. *Rome, as seen by a New Yorker*, a review of a recent work of the same name.

3. *Benvenuto Cellini*, a review of a very interesting book of Cellini, translated from the Italian.

4. *The Primacy*, a refutation of certain strictures, in a late number of the "True Catholic," on Bishop Kenrick's able work.

5. *A Fortnight among the Chippewas*, concluded, and *The Ottawas at Mackinaw*, interesting sketches of Indian life.

These papers will afford much pleasure to our readers, while they serve, in some degree, as an index to the character and variety of matter that will enrich the pages of our Magazine. Several other able articles are in preparation for our work, on topics of the deepest interest at the present time. California and Oregon, objects of engrossing attention at this moment, and the field of recent exploration by travellers and scientific men, will occupy a due share of our space. The reader will peruse with pleasure the introduction to this subject, in the present number of our periodical. We invite special attention to the leading paper, which will be found a scorching refutation of Michelet's infamous book on spiritual direction, and a severe, though richly merited reproof of the ignorant, infidel, or malicious men who do not hesitate to commend such writers as Michelet to public favor. The article to which we allude ought to be circulated as much as possible, that the community may discover the base expedients which are resorted to by certain men, in the name of philosophy or religion, to arrest the progress of Catholicity. This one article alone is worth the subscription of the whole volume; but we

are happy to inform our friends that we shall present them with many others from the same high source, and from pens of equal distinction in the literary and theological circles.

One word in regard to our embellishments. The friends of Mt. St. Mary's will hail with delight the elegant representation of an institution which has rendered so much service to religion and education. We are indebted to a distinguished alumnus of the college for the historical sketch of its origin and progress, which is replete with interest, and unfolds several incidents which were unknown to the public generally.

In this number we have commenced the publication of a musical series, which may be found useful. The compositions will be original, and only such as will be likely to please the popular taste.

The piece furnished in the present number is from the pen of Mr. Dielman, professor of music at Mt. St. Mary's college, whose genius and professional acquirements need no praise at our hands.

To render the intelligence department of the Magazine more complete, we shall devote some space monthly to a summary of secular news, confining ourselves to a mere statement of facts, and observing a perfect neutrality in political matters. Marriages and deaths, which occur among Catholics, will also be recorded, if such information be forwarded to the publisher. The communications of correspondents, on subjects within the sphere of the Magazine, will be thankfully received.

Our friends will perceive that the Magazine, at the beginning of the new year, has put on a new dress, and we think that the change of appearance in the cover will be considered an improvement. This, with other matters, is an evidence of the disposition on the part of the publisher to render the work fully deserving of public patronage. We respectfully solicit from the friends of the Magazine, their assistance in extending its circulation, that a greater amount of good may be effected, and that the work may be invested with increased attractions in the ornamental department.

The Ivory Crucifix.—This wonderful piece of sculpture, which has been already described in the *Magazine* by one of its poetical contributors, is now being exhibited for the admiration of the citizens of Baltimore. It is credibly stated to have been executed by a monk of Genoa, who had never learned the art of sculpture; but whose ardent devotion inspired him with an ideal perfectly true to nature, and so vividly impressed upon his mind, that he fashioned the cumbrous block of ivory to the model, and produced a work of art which is the largest of its kind in the world, and the perfection of which, as a representation of nature, must be witnessed in order to be conceived. It has been exhibited in New York and Boston, and all who have seen it have been struck with the admirable expression which the author has given to the inanimate material, and with the power which the image of the dead Christ, thus represented, exercises over the feelings of the spectator. Let all make it a point to visit this wonderful specimen of monastic skill: it is equally worthy the attention of the Christian and the lover of the fine arts. The Catholic must certainly rejoice in perceiving the tribute which is thus involuntarily paid to the salutary influence of sacred memorials, as used in our church, when thousands of Protestants gaze in mingled sentiments of astonishment and veneration upon the features of the crucified Saviour.

Corrections in the Almanac.—We have been requested to state that the Rev. John Maguire is pastor of the Catholic church at Nashville, Tennessee. His name does not appear in the Almanac for 1846, it having been omitted in the official account of the diocess, through mistake. The editor of the Almanac takes pleasure in making this correction, and in announcing that Rev. Mr. Maguire is still pursuing his very useful services to religion at Nashville.

The *Pittsburg Catholic*, a weekly paper published at Pittsburg, Pa., was inadvertently omitted in the list of Catholic periodicals. In a work consisting of so many minute details, it is unfortunately a very easy matter to lose sight of some things, when they are not specified in the official returns forwarded to the editor and publisher.

OBITUARY.

Died, at Taney Town, Md., on the 17th inst., Rev. Nicholas Zocchi, aged 72 years. Mr. Zocchi was a native of Italy, but for the last 41 years a laborious and zealous missionary in the archdiocess of Baltimore, having served through nearly all that time the missions at Taney Town and Westminster. May he rest in peace.

SECULAR DEPARTMENT.

Doings at Washington.

THE month of December, appointed by law for the annual meeting of congress, has passed off with every prospect of a long and important session.

The resolution of Gov. Cass in the United States senate, calling on the committees on military affairs, on the militia, and on naval affairs, to inquire into the condition of our army, navy, and militia, with a view to their efficiency in case of emergency, as well as to their present augmentation, gave rise to a debate of a very animated kind, from which it may be inferred that the president's views on the Oregon question are approved of and will be sustained by all parties, and that there is a prospect of a speedy crisis in our difficulties with Great Britain. Gov. Cass's resolutions were predicated upon the state of the Oregon negotiation, which has terminated for the present without any hope of agreement upon the part of either of the great parties interested, and which, unless arrested by the mediation of some third friendly power, must plunge both countries into all the horrors of war.

Rumor indicates that the resumption of the friendly relations between this country and Mexico will lead to some important results, the most prominent of which will be the inclusion of the Californias within the territorial limits of Texas, and by consequence in those of the United States.

The action of the Massachusetts legislature in regard to the revision of the naturalization laws has given rise to quite a lively discussion in the House of Representatives of the United States, from which it is very manifest that Native Americanism, if not dead, beats with so feeble a pulse as to be in its last agony. The movement in Congress on this subject reminds us very much of a fashion of the ancients, who, when every other effort failed, would bring in the *dead body* as a last expedient to awaken popular sympathy. It won't answer in this instance, and the grim corpse of Nativism will find no one to honor it with a funeral vigil, or to light it to its grave, save perhaps some disappointed bigot who has preserved his church-burning torch, or that lean apology for a corporal's guard, which, in the hall of Representatives, still affects a tenderness for its memory and a faith in its resurrection.

The bill to admit Texas into the union has passed the House of Representatives by a large majority, and beyond all doubt will become a law, the faith of the nation being pledged by the adoption of the joint resolutions of the session of 1844. The spirit which has actuated the Hon. Abbot Lawrence and the Hon. N. Appleton in their respective answers to letters addressed to them by "*the Massachusetts State Texas Committee,*" is the true American spirit, and is the exponent of the feelings of all good men of all parties on this subject as well out of as in the state of Massachusetts. The former of these distinguished gentlemen, speaking of this Texas movement, says: "I deem further action on the subject on my part useless, and that Texas now *virtually* composes a part of the union," and the latter gentleman tells them; "I can not take part in this Texas movement. For all practical purposes, as far as the people are concerned, I consider the question as settled."

Some incidental discussion has also arisen on the subject of the tariff, the election of printer, on the rightful claimant of the Florida seat, and the appointment of chaplains. Upon the latter question, the only speaker was Mr. Petit of Indiana, who fails not with every revolving year to battle strenuously against electing chaplains to congress. The remarks of this gentleman appear not to have received much favor with the house of representatives, yet they seem to us entitled to weight, and difficult to combat successfully. The idea of selecting two chaplains to congress of different denominations must, to have reason in it at all, have proceeded from the fact that the members hold various and discordant religious tenets, and that, therefore, congress should try to gratify as many religious tastes as possible. In carrying out this idea, however, our legislators should, if they are disposed to be consistent, have gone farther, and have given to all religions a turn at the chaplaincy. This might have been partially effected by according one day of the session to each of the fractions into which Protestantism is broken up. We can not refrain from presenting to our readers the condensed report of Mr. Petit's quaint remarks, which we extract from the correspondence of the Baltimore Sun of December 20th.

A resolution was next offered providing for the election of two chaplains of different denominations for the House and Senate, to interchange weekly.

Mr. Petit, of Ia., moved to amend by striking out the words "different denominations."

Why, asked he, should there be two chaplains of different denominations? What could be the object, unless it were to fix error upon one house or the other. There was but *one* true religion, and if so all others must be wrong. If one of the chaplains should be orthodox, the other must be heterodox. If there was but *one* true religion, let there be two chaplains of whatever denomination the house might deem right. But, otherwise, we should have the truth spoken one week, and error on the week following. After further remarks, he said he utterly despised and loathed the man who, professing to be the commissary general of heaven, came here and electioneered for office.

Mr. Hopkins said he had offered the resolution in conformity with precedent, and with a view of saving time, moved the previous question, which was seconded.

The question was then taken on the amendment, and it was rejected almost unanimously.

Mr. Petit then asked to be excused from voting on the resolution, and claimed the right of giving his reasons therefor. In the first place, he was afraid the house would foist upon him a chaplain whose doctrines and whose conduct he might not like. Secondly, he did not want to vote for a man who had been sending him letters asking the support of the *Democratic* majority of the house. Was this appeal to a *party* in conformity to the pure doctrines of Christianity?

Here Mr. Harly called Mr. P. to order, on the ground that on such a motion it was not in order to refer to letters received from a candidate.

The chair ruled Mr. P. out of order, but the house by a large vote, permitted him to proceed *in* order, wheron he stated that his other reason for not wishing to vote, was that he desired to offer a resolution to the effect that members shall pay the chaplains out of their own pockets. But he repeated that if there were to be *two* chaplains of different denominations, the senate would have the first choice, and they, being better and older men, would of course choose the right denomination, because they would know which had the true apostolical succession. (Laughter.) The consequence would be that the house would be compelled to put up with a fourth-rate man of a different denomination, who would teach error and false doctrine.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Memoirs of Father Ripa, during thirteen years' residence at the court of Peking in the service of the emperor of China, &c. Selected and translated from the Italian by Fortunato Prandi. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 12mo. pp. 174.

In this volume the reader will find a condensation of Father Ripa's history of the Chinese college, as far as it regards the incidents of his residence in the celestial empire. As we shall probably notice the work more fully hereafter, we shall merely state, for the present, that it is a very interesting narrative, affording some insight into the zeal and wisdom of the Jesuit missionaries, and written in that simple and natural style which is characteristic of truth. This book forms No. V of Wiley and Putnam's Foreign Library, and is handsomely printed.

Lives of the Saints. By the Rev. Alban Butler. Baltimore: Metropolitan Press.

Nos. V and VI of this valuable series have been received, and they give evidence of considerable energy on the part of the publishers.

The Youth's Director, or Familiar Instructions for young people, &c. New York: R. Coddington. 24mo. pp. 320.

This little volume is a translation of one of the best moral works in the French language for the direction of young persons. It can not be too much recommended to them as an enlightened guide in reference to all matters connected with their spiritual welfare.

The Life of St. Theresa, foundress of the reformation of the barefooted Carmelites. By the Rev. Alban Butler; with the novena of St. Theresa. Revised and approved by the V. Rev. Felix Varela. New York: R. Coddington. 32mo. pp. 180.

The biography of this distinguished saint of modern times has always been a favorite subject of spiritual reading among the more devout portion of the sex, portraying as it does the trials and the triumphs of virtue amid the dangers of the world. The book before us, though a reprint from Alban Butler's Lives of the Saints, has the advantage of containing the life of the saint in a separate form, and may for this reason be found more convenient.

The Catholic Weekly Instructor. Derby: Richardson & Son.

We have received from Mr. Cunningham, the agent in Philadelphia, eight monthly parts of the *Weekly Instructor* for 1845. It is a periodical published in England, and by the ex-

cellence and variety of its contents, is well deserving of extensive patronage.

The Excellence and Practice of Devotion to the Holy Virgin, or the knowledge and love of Mary; translated from the French of Father De Gallifet, S. J. Derby: J. Richardson and Son. 32mo.

Devotions to Jesus in the adorable sacrament of the altar. Derby: J. Richardson and Son. 32mo.

My Saviour's Tomb; from the French of Father Geramb, Trappist. Derby: J. Richardson and Son. 32mo.

Preparation for Death; from the French of Father Crasset, S. J. By Rev. R. Newsham. Derby: J. Richardson and Son. 32mo.

Tales designed chiefly for the young. By Canon Schmid. Translated from the German, with numerous illustrations. Dublin: J. Duffey.

Conformity with the will of God; from the Italian of St. Liguori. By Rev. J. Jones. Derby: J. Richardson and Son. 32mo.

For all the above mentioned volumes we are indebted to the kind attention of Mr. Cunningham. The first book in the list is a very solid and useful treatise on devotion to the mother of God, with excellent prayers for the practice of the same. The second is a manual of devotions for those who belong to the confraternity of the blessed sacrament. The third is a most instructive meditation on the passion of Christ. The fourth is a collection of prayers for obtaining the grace of a happy death, with admirable devotions for the sick. The fifth is part I of a series which will imbody the tales of Canon Schmid, whose extraordinary talent in writing for the instruction and entertainment of youth has won for him a wide-spread fame. The last is in the usual style of the sainted author. All these publications, the last excepted, are ornamented with handsome engravings.

An address delivered before the Mount Savage Catholic Temperance Beneficial Society, Oct. 5th, 1845. By P. R. Steck, Esq.

A vigorous and impressive appeal in behalf of the good cause of temperance.

The Catholic News-Letter. Edited by an association of gentlemen. St. Louis, Mo.

This is the title of a weekly paper, lately commenced in St. Louis, and published by Mr. W. J. Mullen, at $2,50 per annum in advance. Judging from the numbers of the *News-Letter* that we have received, it will be conducted with spirit and ability, and will be a valuable auxiliary in the cause of religion. We wish its conductors the most flattering success.

The Ursuline Manual, or a collection of prayers, spiritual exercises, &c. Revised by the Very Rev. John Power, D. D., and approved by the Rt. Rev. John Hughes, D. D., bishop of New York. New York: E. Dunigan.

We have received from the publisher a copy of this new edition of the *Ursuline Manual*, whose merits as a book of devotions are universally acknowledged. The distinguishing feature of the present edition is the richness and splendor of ornament which have been lavished upon it, and which render it unquestionably the most beautifully executed prayer-book that we are acquainted with. We are much pleased to see this increasing advancement in the decoration of works of piety. The elegancies of art can not be bestowed upon a more legitimate object, and we are willing to believe that, while such improvements bespeak a more correct and refined taste in the community, the labor and outlay of publishers who strive to meet the wishes of the people, will be rewarded with a generous patronage.

Zenosius, or the Pilgrim-Convert. By the Rev. Charles Constantine Pise, D. D., author of Aletheia, &c. New York: E. Dunigan. 18mo. pp. 279.

With this volume Mr. Dunigan has commenced the publication of his *Home Library*, a series of works suited to the family circle. We are pleased to find that the first in the list is so well adapted to the object in view. The plan of Dr. Pise's narrative is happily conceived and well executed. His Pilgrim-Convert is led from his native place to the eternal city, and, in the course of his progress, which is directed by the angel of peace, he discovers more and more fully the evils of sectarianism and the blessings of Catholic unity. His conversion to the true faith is sealed by the benediction of the holy Father, and he returns to his home, full of joy and gratitude. The style of the writer in this production is characterized by his usual grace and elegance, and, what seems to us a decided improvement, possesses a degree of vigor which renders it far more agreeable.

Father Felix: a Tale. By the author of "Mora Carmody," "Harry Layden," &c. New York: E. Dunigan. 18mo. pp. 219.

Having been very favorably impressed by a former production of the author of *Father Felix*, we looked into this volume with high expectations, and we must say that we have not been disappointed. The narrative, which imbodies a good deal of instruction in relation to Catholic doctrine and practice, possesses a sprightliness, a variety of incident, and a naturalness in the characters, which can not fail to delight the reader. On page 30 the author mentions a precept of the church for the time of advent which we are not acquainted with. It is no doubt more edifying not to give or attend a soirée in Advent than to do so; but we do not think that there is any precept on the subject. Page 50, line 12, we would suggest the use of the conjunction *or* instead of *nor*. We are of opinion also that the expression on page 150, at the commencement of the second paragraph, is rather too strong. That the *discipline of the secret* regarded the eucharistic institution, is an historical *fact;* but the church does not exactly *teach* it. This volume is the second of the *Home Library*, and very neatly printed.

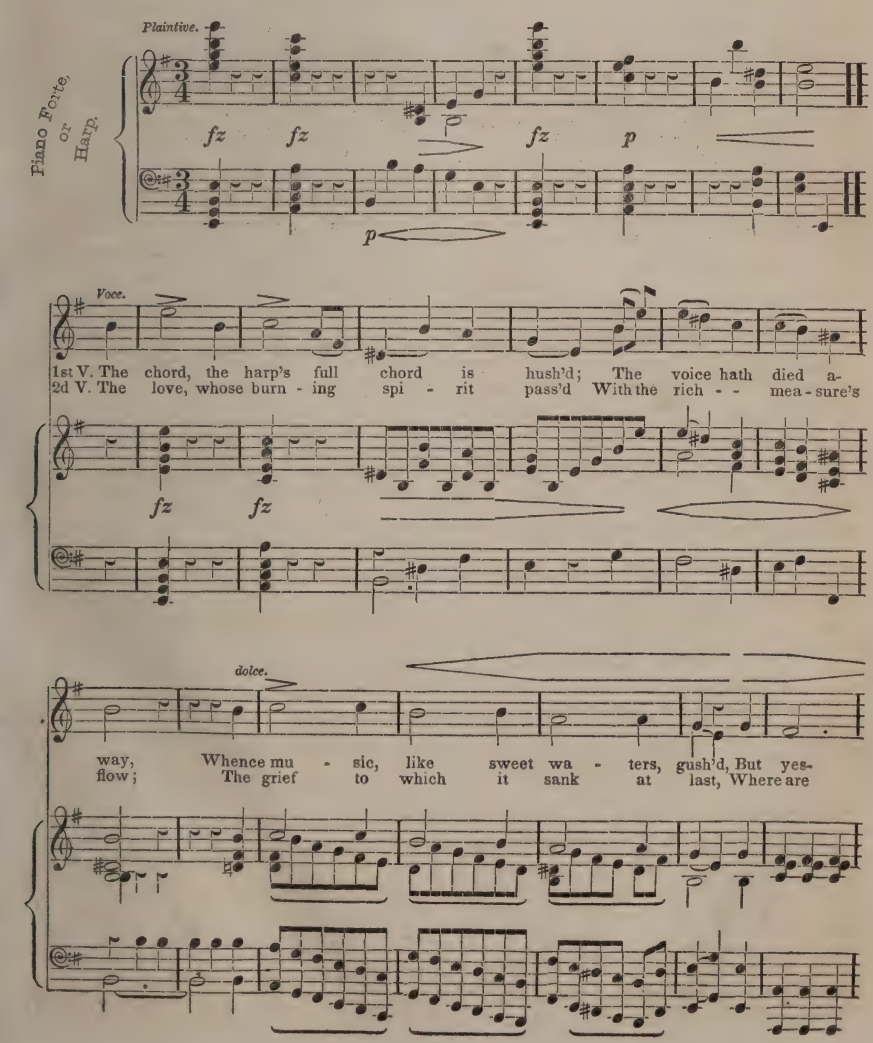
☞ Other notices unavoidably omitted.

THE

MUSIC OF TESTERDAY.

WORDS BY MRS. HEMANS.

Music by Prof. Dielman, of Mt. St. Mary's College.



ter - - day. The wake - ning note, the breeze - like
they - - now? They're with the scents, by sum - mer's

cres. *f*

swell, The full o'er - sweep - ing tone; The sounds that
breath Borne from a rose now shed: With the words from

cres. *ff* *dim.* *dolce.*

sigh'd Fare - well! Fare - well! Are gone,— all - - gone!
lips Long seal'd in death,—For e - - - - ver fled.

rit. *sempre.* *p*

Sinf: *p*

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
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